

WAR MUSIC.

THE merest soldier is to-day
The poet of his art,
Though he should neither sing nor say
The transports of his heart.

His Genius writes in words of steel,
And utters them in thunder,—
Whilst we want speech for what we feel,
And sit at home in wonder.

And those whom England with a cry
Saw dashed into the strife,
Those men of ours who rode to die
Like men who ride for life—

Whose souls ere well the word had gone
Into the smoke were hurled,
Who bound on bound went charging on
Into another world—

No lover prouder heart-beats knew,
Ne'er "sighed" a "truer breath,"
Than they who with loose bridle flew
Into the arms of death.

Doubt not, I say, the hearts of all
A grander music made,
When dancing to that funeral,
Than ever clarion played.

And she no less, who three times blest,
No longer reads and hears,
But, laying down the dumb death-list,
Gives help instead of tears—

She, champion of her country's cause,
As faithful and as brave
As he who sword in battle draws
For triumph or the grave—

E'en she, who, bleeding at her feet,
Sees many a hero laid,
Whose task, though terrible as sweet,
Has found her not afraid—

Deep in *her* heart of holy fire,
Be sure such music rings
As never yet Apollo's lyre
Felt trembling on its strings.

Spectator.

From Putnam's Magazine.

TO MY HERBARIUM.

Ye dry and dead remains!
Poor, wrinkled remnants of a beauteous prime!
Why, from your final doom, should I take pains
To stay the hand of time!

The world would pass you by:
For beauty, grace, and fragrance, all are gone.

DLV. LIVING AGE. VOL. VIII. 5

Your age is homeliness to every eye,
And prized by me alone.

Not beautiful but dear,
Your wrecks recall to me the happy past.
Wandlike, your stems can summon to appear
The days that could not last.

I breathe the summer air!
I wander in the woodland paths once more!
Again the copse, the dell, the meadow, wear
The loveliness of yore.

Turned to the God of day,
Your little lips come prayerfully apart.
With the soft breeze your leaves, reviving, play
Sweet music to my heart.

The friend who in those years
Shared warmly in my rambles, far and wide,
Back, with the same old fondness re-appears,
And trudges at my side.

These are your charms to me!
While such dear recollections ye awake,
Your ruins, blackened, crumbling though they be,
I treasure for their sake.

May I, like you, dry flowers,
When in young life I can no more engage,
A dear memento be, of happy hours
To those who tend my age.

Charles J. Sprague.

WHAT ARE THE BYGONES?

"Let bygones be bygones."—Times of Nov. 25.

Bygones! the grim and stolid sneer
That meet each voice upraised to show
The ills we now so sadly know,
As Troy repulsed the fated seer!

Bygones! the paper stained for nought;
While second-childhood's self might see
The sword alone must umpire be,
Where fraud and force 'gainst weakness fought.

Bygones! till Austria's game was made
The statesmanship that sent to freeze
Our stateliest ships in shallow seas,
In distant pomp 'gainst forts arrayed.

Bygones! our troops but half-equipped!
When placemen dared no more delay—
The cold more deadly than the freeze
To meet—in reckless hurry shipped.

"Bygones should bygones be!" 'tis true!
And first that clique for place allied,
Whom friends deplore and foes deride,
Or England's glory's bygone too.

The Press.

From The Press 25 Nov.

THE REPORT OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADORS "ASSEMBLED AT OSTEND TO CONSIDER WHAT POSITION THE UNITED STATES OUGHT TO TAKE," ETC.

We wish we may be biled,
But we feel a kinder riled
That the stars and stripes are spiled
Of a finger in the row;
It's "fire and tow!" Tarnation!
That the most enlightened nation
Can't have a "jawfication"
At a fixin' time like now.

It was most almighty green
That Buchanan had not seen
That the "hunker" Aberdeen
Was a hawkin' to be sold.
For we might as well have had a
Sorter haul at ould Can-a-da
When we lighted on so bad a
Watchman as this Premier old.

S'help us 'taters, but it's vexin'
To see Cuba want annexin'
While the old coon saw the wrecks in
Sinope shattered sick.
Might we not have aided Lopez
With at least as good a hope as
This here Nicholas did ope his
Jaw about the man wot's sick?

Then, all friends, it's our opinion
That this 'varsal great dominion
Must shut up its eagle pinion,
Or get into this here swim.
We opine we'd better go for
Jest to skeer the old Scotch loafer
Who rules England's councils over,
And to chips we'll whittle him.

[FOR THE LIVING AGE.]

In the LIVING AGE, No. 550, Dec. 9, 1854, page 458, there is copied from the New York Evening Post a brief notice of the author of the celebrated song "Mary's Dream," with the English version of the song. The writer of the notice has erred in several particulars, which I beg leave to correct.

JOHN LOWE, the author of "Mary's Dream," was born at Kenmore, in Galloway (Scotland), in 1750. His father was gardener to Mr. Gordon of that ilk. Lowe was early placed in the parish school of Kells, and, at the age of fourteen, was apprenticed to a weaver named Heron.

Having, by industry and rigid economy, saved a sufficient sum to enable him to return to his studies, he placed himself under the charge of Mr. McKay, an eminent teacher of the languages, in the neighboring parish of Carsphairn.

Through the kindness of the Rev. John Gillespie, minister of Kells, he was subsequently enabled to enter the University of Edinburgh in 1771, where he continued a member of the divinity classes till he left for this country, in 1773. Soon after having reached the New World, he

obtained the place of tutor in the family of one of the Washingtons. Afterwards, he opened an academy in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and for a while prospered.

Although educated a Presbyterian, he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and obtained a parish. While engaged in his parochial duties—popular with all classes, and rising in reputation—he married most unhappily, became intemperate, and died in great distress. He was buried in or near Fredericksburgh, about 1798.

A memoir of him, by the Rev. William Gillespie (brother of his early friend and patron), was published in London in 1810, and can be found in Cromek's Remains.

The exquisite ballad, "Mary's Dream," was written on the death of one Miller, a surgeon, lost at sea, who was engaged to Miss Mary MacGhie, daughter of the Laird of Airds. Originally Scottish, it has been Anglicised and altered, as I believe, for the worse. Suffer me to present the original for the readers of the LIVING AGE.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec., 1854.

J. F. G.

MARY'S DREAM.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill
Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every bodie's ee;
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
A voice drapt saftly on her ear
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Bending on her his hollow ee!
"O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thraws below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

"The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' him, but strave in vain!
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but thee,
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

"Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie."
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
To mark the morning lift her ee,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

Little Folks' Own: Stories, Sketches, Poems and Paragraphs, designed to amuse and benefit the Young. By Mrs. L. S. Goodwin. W. P. Pettridge & Co.: Boston. [This little book is ornamented with many graceful engravings; and the reading-matter is uncommonly good. We should not be surprised should it become as popular as Original Poems were in their day.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SPECULATORS AMONG THE STARS.

PART II.

Whatever we talk, Things are as they are—not as we grant, dispute, or hope: depending on neither our affirmative nor negative.*—JEREMY TAYLOR.

LET us bear in mind the above passage, pregnant with solemnizing reflection, while dealing with the question before us; always remembering that it is one purely speculative, however interesting, however exciting, to imaginative persons; but to weak and superficial ones—to those of unsettled opinions—capable of becoming mischievous.

The state of that question is exactly this: The heavenly bodies around us, some or all of them, are, or are not, in point of fact, the abodes of intellectual and moral beings like ourselves—that is, be it observed, consisting of body and soul. That there are other and higher orders of intellectual existence, both the Christian and the mere philosopher may, and the former must, admit as an article of his "creed;" but what may be the mode of that existence, and its relations to that physical world of which we are sensible, we know not, and conjecture would be idle. That beings like ourselves exist elsewhere than here, is not revealed in Scripture; and the question, consequently, for us to concern ourselves with is, whether there nevertheless exist rational grounds for believing the fact to be so. The accomplished and eminent person who has so suddenly started this discussion, has, since his *Essay* appeared,† and in strict consistency with it, emphatically declared—"I do not pretend to disprove a plurality of worlds; but I ask in vain for any argument which makes the doctrine probable. And as I conceive the unity of the world to be the result of its being the work of one Divine Mind, exercising creative power according to His own Ideas; so it seems to me not unreasonable to suppose that man, the being which can apprehend, in some degree, those Ideas, is a creature unique in the creation." But what says Sir David Brewster, speaking of the greatest known member of our planetary system, Jupiter?

With so many striking points of resemblance between the Earth and Jupiter, the unprejudiced mind cannot resist the conclusion, that Jupiter has been created like the Earth, for the express purpose of being the seat of animal and intel-

lectual life. The Atheist and the Infidel, the Christian and the Mohammedan, men of all creeds, nations, and tongues, the philosopher and the unlettered peasant, have all rejoiced in this universal truth; and we do not believe that any individual who confides in the facts of astronomy seriously rejects it. If such a person exists, we would gravely ask him, for what purpose could so gigantic a world have been framed?*

I am such a person, would say Dr. Whewell, and I declare that I cannot tell why Jupiter was created. "I do not pretend to know for what purpose the stars were made, any more than the flowers, or the crystalline gems, or other innumerable beautiful objects. . . . No doubt the Creator might make creatures fitted to live in the stars, or in the small planetoids, or in the clouds, or on meteoric stones; but we cannot believe that he *has* done this, without further evidence."† And as to the "facts of astronomy," let me patiently examine them, and the inferences you seek to deduce from them. Besides which, I will bring forward certain facts of which you seem to have taken no account.

As we foresaw, Dr. Whewell's *Essay* is attracting increased attention in all directions; and, as far as we can ascertain the scope of contemporaneous criticism hitherto pronounced, it is hostile to his views, while uniformly recognizing the power and scientific knowledge with which they are enforced. "We scarcely expected," observes an accomplished diurnal London reviewer,‡ "that in the middle of the nineteenth century a serious attempt would have been made to restore the exploded ideas of man's supremacy over all other creatures in the universe; and still less that such an attempt would have been made by any one whose mind was stored with scientific truths. Nevertheless a champion has actually appeared, who boldly dares to combat against all the rational inhabitants of other spheres; and though as yet he wears his visor down, his dominant bearing, and the peculiar dexterity and power with which he wields his arms, indicate that this knight-errant of nursery notions can be no other than the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge." The reviewer falls, it appears to us, into a serious error as to the sentiments of Dr. Whewell, when charging him with requiring us "to assume that, in the creation of intelligent beings, Omnipotence must be limited, in its operations, to the ideas which human faculties can conceive of them: that such beings must be men like ourselves, with similar powers, and have had their faculties developed by like means." In the very passage cited to support this charge, Dr. Whewell

* "Works," vol. xi. p. 198 (Bishop Heber's edition). The following is the entire sentence of which the above is the commencing sentence: "Whatever we talk, things are as they are—not as we grant, dispute, or hope: depending on neither our affirmative nor negative, but upon the rate and value which God sets upon things."

† Dialogue, p. 37.

* More Worlds than One, p. 59.

† Dialogue, pp. 5, 6.

‡ Daily News.

will be found thus exactly limiting his proposition so as to exclude so impious and absurd a supposition:—"In order to conceive, on the Moon or on Jupiter, a race of beings intelligent like man, we must conceive there colonies of men, with histories resembling, more or less, the histories of human colonies: and, indeed, resembling the history of those nations whose knowledge we inherit, far more closely than the history of any other terrestrial nation resembles that part of terrestrial history."* In the passage which we have quoted in the preceding column, Dr. Whewell expressly declares, as of course he could not help declaring, that the Creator no doubt might make creatures fitted to live on the stars, or anywhere; but the passage misunderstood by the reviewer, appears to us possessed of an extensive significance, of which he has hastily lost sight, but which is closely connected with that portion of the author's speculations with which we briefly dealt in our last number, especially that which regards Man as a being of progressive development. To this we shall hereafter return, reminding the reader of the course of Dr. Whewell's argument as thus far disclosed—namely, that man's intellectual, moral, religious, and spiritual nature, is of so peculiar and high an order, as to warrant our regarding him as a special and unique existence, worthy of the station here assigned him in creation. Intellectually considered, man "has an element of community with God: whereupon it is so far conceivable that man should be, in a special manner, the object of God's care and favor. The human mind, with its wonderful and perhaps illimitable powers, is something of which we can believe God to be mindful:"† that He may very reasonably be thus mindful of a being whom he has vouchsafed to make in his own Image, after His likeness—the image and likeness of the awful Creator of all things.

"The privileges of man," observes Dr. Whewell, in a passage essential to be considered by those who would follow his argument,‡ "which make the difficulty in assigning him his place in the Vast Scheme of the universe, we have described as consisting in his being an *Intellectual, Moral, and Religious* creature. Perhaps the privileges implied in the last term, and their place in our argument, may justify a word more of explanation. . . . We are now called upon," proceeds the essayist, after a striking sketch of the character and capacity of man, especially as a spiritual creature, "to proceed to exhibit the Answer which a somewhat different view of modern science suggests to this difficulty or objection."

—"The difficulty appears great, either way

of considering it. Can the earth alone be the theatre of such intelligent, moral, religious, and spiritual action? Or can we conceive such action to go on in the other bodies of the universe?"

. . . . Between these two difficulties the choice is embarrassing, and the decision must be unsatisfactory, except we can find some further ground of judgment. But this, perhaps, is not hopeless. We have hitherto referred to the evidence and analogies supplied by one science, viz., Astronomy. But there are other sciences which give us information concerning the nature and history of the Earth. From some of these we may perhaps obtain some knowledge of the place of the Earth in the scheme of creation; how far it is, in its present condition, a thing unique, or only one thing among many like it. Any science which supplies us with evidence or information on this head, will give us aid in forming a judgment upon the question under our consideration."

Thus the Essayist reaches the second stage of his inquiry, entering on the splendid domain of GEOLOGY. To this great but recently consolidated science Dr. Chalmers made no allusion in his celebrated "Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connection with the Modern Astronomy,"* which were delivered in the year 1817, nearly thirty-seven years ago: and then he spoke, in his first Discourse, of Astronomy as "the most certain and best established of the sciences." Dr. Whewell, however, vindicates the claims of Geology, in respect of both the certainty and vastness of her discoveries, in a passage so just and admirable, that we must lay it before our readers.

As to the vastness of astronomical discoveries, we must observe that those of Geology are no less vast: they extend through time, as those of Astronomy do through space; they carry us through millions of years—that is, of the earth's revolutions—as those of Astronomy through millions of the earth's diameters, or of diameters of the earth's orbit. Geology fills the regions of duration with events, as Astronomy the regions of the universe with objects. She carries us backwards by the relation of cause and effect, as Astronomy carries us upwards by the relations of geometry. As Astronomy steps on from point to point of the universe by a chain of triangles, so Geology steps from epoch to epoch of the

* One or two of these "Discourses," all of which were delivered in the Tron Church, Glasgow, at noon on the week day, were heard by the writer of this paper, then a boy. He had to wait nearly four hours before he could gain admission as one of a crowd, in which he was nearly crushed to death. It was with no little effort that the great preacher could find his way to his pulpit. As soon as his fervid eloquence began to stream from it, the intense enthusiasm of the auditory became almost irresistible; and in that enthusiasm the writer, young as he was, fully participated. He has never since witnessed anything equal to the scene.

* Essay, p. 120.

† Essay, p. 202.

‡ Ibid., pp. 134—136.

§ Ibid., p. 137.

earth's history by a chain of mechanical and organic laws. If the one depends on the axioms of geometry, the other depends on the axioms of causation. . . . But, in truth, in such speculations, Geology has an immeasurable superiority. She has the command of an implement, in addition to all that Astronomy can use; and one, for the purpose of such speculations, adapted far beyond any astronomical element of discovery. She has, for one of her studies—one of her means of dealing with her problems—the knowledge of life, animal and vegetable. Vital organization is a subject of attention which has, in modern times, been forced upon her. It is now one of the main parts of her discipline. The geologist must study the traces of life in every form—must learn to decipher its faintest indications and its fullest development. On the question, then, whether there be, in this or that quarter, evidence of life, he can speak with the confidence derived from familiar knowledge; while the astronomer, to whom such studies are utterly foreign, because he has no facts which bear upon them, can offer, on such questions, only the loosest and most arbitrary conjectures, which, as we have had to remark, have been rebuked by eminent men as being altogether inconsistent with acknowledged maxims of his science.*

Before we proceed to state the singular and suggestive argument derived from this splendid science,† we may apprise the reader that Dr. Whewell's primary object is to show, that even "supposing the other bodies of the universe to resemble the earth, so far as to seem, by their materials, forms, and motions, no less fitted than she is to be the abodes of life, yet that, knowing what we know of Man, we can believe the earth to be tenanted by a race who are the *special* objects of God's care."‡ The grounds for entertaining, or rather impugning, that supposition he subsequently deals with after his own fashion in Chapters VII., VIII., IX., x.; but the two with which we are at present concerned are the fifth and sixth, respectively entitled, as we intimated in our last Number, "Geology," and "The Argument from Geology."

The exact object at which this leading section of the Essay is aimed is, in the Essayist's words, this:—"A complete reply to the difficulty which astronomical discoveries appeared to place in the way of religion:—the difficulty of the opinion that Man, occupying this speck of earth but as an atom in the universe, surrounded by millions of other globes larger, and to all appearance nobler, than that which

he inhabits, should be the object of the peculiar care and guardianship of the favor and government of the Creator of All, in the way that religion teaches us that he is."*

What is that "complete reply?" The following passage contains a key to the entire speculation of the Essayist, and deserves a thoughtful perusal:—

That the scale of man's insignificance is of the same order in reference to time as to space. That Man—the Human Race from its origin till now—has occupied but an atom of time as he has occupied but an atom of space. . . . If the Earth, as the habitation of Man, is a speck in the midst of an infinity of space, the Earth, as the habitation of Man, is also a speck at the end of an infinity of time. If we are as nothing in the surrounding universe, we are as nothing in the elapsed eternity; or rather in the elapsed organic antiquity during which the Earth has existed and been the abode of life. If Man is but one small family in the midst of innumerable possible households, he is also but one small family, the successor of innumerable tribes of animals, not possible only, but actual. If the planets may be the seats of life, we know that the seas, which have given birth to our mountains, were so. If the stars may have hundreds of systems of tenanted planets rolling round them, we know that the secondary group of rocks does contain hundreds of tenanted beds, witnessing of as many systems of organic creation. If the Nebulæ may be planetary systems in the course of formation, we know that the primary and transition rocks either show us the earth in the course of formation, as the future seat of life, or exhibit such life as already begun.

How far that which Astronomy thus asserts as possible, is probable—what is the value of these possibilities of life in distant regions of the universe, we shall hereafter consider; but in what Geology asserts, the case is clear. It is no possibility but a certainty. No one will now doubt that shells and skeletons, trunks and leaves, prove animal and vegetable life to have existed. Even, therefore, if Astronomy could demonstrate all that her most fanciful disciples assume, Geology would still have a complete right to claim an equal hearing—to insist on having her analogies regarded. She would have a right to answer the questions of Astronomy, when she asks,—“How can we believe this?” And to have her answer accepted.†

We regret that our space prevents our laying before the reader the masterly and deeply interesting epitome of geological discoveries contained in these two chapters. The stupendous series of these revelations may be thus briefly indicated:—That countless tribes of animals tenanted the earth for countless ages before Man's advent; that former ocean-beds now constitute the centres of our loftiest

* Essay, pp. 193, 194.

† In the "Dialogue," Dr. Whewell states that it was not till after the publication of his "Essay" that he became acquainted with the fact of the coincidence of his views, on the subject of Geology, with those of Mr. Hugh Miller, in his "First Impressions of England," with reference to astronomical objections to Revelation.

‡ Ibid., chap. vii. § 1, p. 206.

* Ibid., chap. vi., § 27, p. 190.

† Essay, pp. 191, 192.

mountains, as the results of changes gradual, successive, and long continued; that these vast masses of sedimentary strata present themselves to our notice in a strangely disordered state; that each of these rocky layers contains a vast profusion of the remains of marine animals, intermingled with a great series of fresh-water and land animals and plants endlessly varied—all these being different, not only in species, but in kind!—and each of these separate beds must have lasted as long, or perhaps longer, than that during which the dry land has had its present form.

The careful prosecution of their researches has forced on the minds of geologists and naturalists “the general impression that, as we descend in this long staircase of natural steps, we are brought in view of a state of the earth in which life was scantily manifested, so as to be near its earliest stages.”*

In the opinion of the most eminent geologists, some of these epochs of organic transition were also those of mechanical violence, on a vast and wonderful scale—as it were, a vast series of successive periods of alternate violence and repose. The general nature of such change is vividly sketched by the Essayist, in a passage to which we must refer the reader.† When, continues the Essayist, we find strata bearing evidence of such a mode of deposit, and piled up to the height of thousands and tens of thousands of feet, we are naturally led to regard them as the production of myriads of years; and to add new myriads, as often as we are brought to new masses of strata of the like kind; and again to interpolate new periods of the same order, to allow for the transition from one group to another.‡

The best geologists and naturalists are utterly at fault, in attempting to account for the successive introduction of these numerous *new species*, at these immense intervals of time, except by referring them to the exercise of a series of distinct Acts of Creation. The chimerical notion of some natural cause effecting a transmutation of one series of organic forms into another, has been long exploded, as totally destitute of proof: and “the doctrine of the successive CREATION of species,” says the Essayist, “remains firmly established among geologists.”§ There is nothing known of the cosmical conditions of our globe, to contradict the terrestrial evidence for its vast antiquity as the seat of organic life, || says Dr. Whewell: and then proceeds thus, in a passage which is well worth the reader’s attention, and has excited the ire of Sir David Brewster:—

If, for the sake of giving definiteness to our notions, we were to assume that the numbers which express the antiquity of these four periods—the present organic condition of the earth; the tertiary period of geologists which preceded that; the secondary period which was anterior to that; and the primary period which preceded the secondary—were on the same scale as the numbers which express these four magnitudes:—the magnitude of the Earth: that of the solar system compared with the Earth; the distance of the nearest fixed stars compared with the solar system; and the distance of the most remote nebulae compared with the nearest fixed stars,—there is, in the evidence which geological science offers, nothing to contradict such an assumption. And as the infinite extent which we necessarily ascribe to space allows us to find room, without any mental difficulty, for the vast distances which astronomy reveals, and even leaves us rather embarrassed with the infinite extent which lies beyond our furthest explorations; so the infinite duration which we, in like manner, necessarily ascribe to past time, makes it easy for us, so far as our powers of intellect are concerned, to go millions of millions of years backwards, in order to trace the beginning of the Earth’s existence—the first step of terrestrial creation.

To return, however, to the course of the argument. We hear the oppressed observer asking, as he reascends this “long staircase of natural steps” which had brought time down to the mystic origin of animal existence; his eye dimmed with its efforts to “decipher,” in the picturesque language of Sir David Brewster, “downwards, the pale and perishing alphabet* of the Chronology of Life,”—WHERE, ALL THIS WHILE, WAS MAN?

Were Europe at this moment to be submerged beneath the ocean, or placed under a vast rocky stratum, what countless proofs would present themselves to the exploring eyes of remote future geologists, of the existence of both Man and his handiwork!—of his own skeleton, of the products of his ingenuity and power, and the various implements and instruments with which he had effected them.

The rudest conceivable work of human art would carry us to any extent backward, but it is not to be found! Man’s existence and history incontestably belong to the existing condition of the earth; and the Essayist now addresses himself to the two following propositions:—

First, That the existence and history of man are facts of an Entirely Different Order from any which existed in any of the previous states of the earth.

Secondly, That his history has occupied a series of years which, compared with geological periods, may be regarded as very brief and limited.

* Essay, p. 148.

† Ibid., p. 154.

‡ Ibid., p. 155.

† Ibid., pp. 151, 152.

§ Ibid., p. 166.

* More Worlds than One, p. 52.

Here opens the "Argument from Geology"—and with it Chapter VI.

That the existence of man upon the earth is an event of an order quite different from any previous part of the earth's history; and that there is no transition from animals to man, in even his most degraded, barbarian and brutish condition, the Essayist demonstrates, with affecting eloquence, and with great argumentative power. No doubt there are kinds of animals very intelligent and sagacious, and exceedingly disposed and adapted to companionship with man; but by elevating the intelligence of the brute, we do not make it become that of the man; nor by making man barbarous, do we make him cease to be man. He has a capacity, not for becoming sagacious, but *rational*,—or rather he has a capacity for progress, in virtue of his being rational.

After adverting to Language, as an awful and mysterious evidence of his exalted endowments, and felicitously distinguishing instinct from reason, the Essayist observes that we need not be disturbed in our conclusions by observing the condition of savage and uncultivated tribes, ancient or modern—the Scythians and Barbarians, the Australians and Negroes. The history of man, in the earliest times, is as truly a history of a wonderful, intellectual, social, political, spiritual creature, as it is at present.* The savage and ignorant state is not the state of nature out of which civilized life has everywhere emerged: their savage condition is one rather of civilization degraded and lost, than of civilization incipient and prospective. And even were it to be assumed to be otherwise, that man, naturally savage, had a tendency to become civilized, that TENDENCY is an endowment no less wonderful than those endowments which civilization exhibits.

When, however, we know not only what man is, but what he *may become*, both intellectually and morally, as we have already seen; when we cast our mind's eye over the history of the civilized section of our race, wherever authentic records of their sayings and doings exist, we find repeated and radiant instances of intellectual and moral greatness, rising into sublimity—such as compel us to admit that man is incomparably the most perfect and highly endowed creature which appears to have ever existed on the earth.

"How far previous periods of animal existence were a necessary preparation of the earth as the habitation of man, or a gradual progression towards the existence of man, we need not now inquire. But this, at least, we may say, that man, now that he is here, forms a climax to all that has preceded—a term incomparably exceed-

ing in value, all the previous parts of the series—a complex and ornate capital to the subjacent column—a personage of vastly greater dignity and importance than all the preceding line of the procession.*

If we are thus to regard man as the climax of the creation in space, as in time, "can we point out any characters," finally asks the Essayist, "which may tend to make it conceivable that the Creator should thus distinguish him, and care for him—should prepare his habitation, if it be so, by ages of chaotic and rudimentary life, and by accompanying orbs of brute and barren matter? If man be thus the head, the crowned head, of the creation, is he worthy to be thus elevated? Has he any qualities which make it conceivable that, with such an array of preparation and accompaniment"—the reader will note the sudden introduction of these elements of the question, the "*accompanying orbs*"—"he should be placed upon the earth, his throne? Does any answer *now* occur to us, after the views which have been presented to us? That answer," continues the Essayist, "is the one which has been already given: the transcendent intellectual, moral, and religious character of man—such as warrants him in believing that God, in very deed, is not only mindful of him, but visits him."†

This may be, the objector is conceived to say; but my difficulty haunts and harasses me: that while man's residence is, with reference to the countless glistening orbs, revealed by Astronomy, scarcely in the proportion of a single grain of sand to the entire terraqueous structure of our globe, I am required to believe that the Almighty has dealt with him, and with the speck in which he resides, in the awfully exceptional manner asserted in the Scriptures. Let us here remind the reader of a coarser, and an insolent and blasphemous, expression of this "difficulty," by Thomas Paine, already quoted:—†

"The system of a plurality of worlds, renders the Christian faith at once little and ridiculous, and scatters it, in the mind, like feathers in the air—the two beliefs cannot be held together in the same mind." With such an opponent, Dr. Whewell expressly states, that he has no concern; he deals with a "difficulty" felt by a friend:† wishing "rather to examine how to quiet the troubled and perplexed believer, than how to triumph over the dogmatical and self-satisfied unbeliever."

"Let the difficulty," he says, "be put in any way the objector pleases."

I. Is it that it is unworthy of the greatness and majesty of God, according to our concep-

* Essay, pp. 198, 199.

† Ibid., p. 203.

‡ Ante, p. 289.

* Essay, p. 188.

tion of Him, to bestow such peculiar care on so small a part of His creation?*

But a narrow inspection of the atom of space assigned to man, proves that He has done so. He has made the period of mankind, though only a moment in the ages of animal life, the only period of Intelligence, Morality, Religion. If it be contrary to OUR conception of him, to suppose Him to have done so, it is plain that these conceptions are wrong. God has not judged as to what is worthy of him, as we have presumed to judge. He has deemed it worthy of Himself, to bestow upon man this special care, though he occupy so small a portion of TIME:—why not, then, though he occupy so small a portion of SPACE?

II. Is the difficulty this:—That supposing the earth, alone, to be occupied by inhabitants, all the other globes of the universe are WASTED?—turned to NO PURPOSE?†

Is "waste," of this kind, to be considered unsuited to the character of our Creator? But here, again, we have the like "waste" in the occupation of this earth! All its previous ages, its seas and its continents, have been "wasted" upon mere brute life: often apparently, on the lowest, the least conscious of life:—upon sponges, coral, shell-fish. Why, then, should not the seas and continents of other planets be occupied with life of this order, or with no life at all? Who shall tell how many ages elapsed before this earth was tenanted by life at all? Will the occupation of a spot of land, or a little water, by the life of a sponge, a coral, or an oyster, save it from being "wasted?" If a spot of rock or water be sufficiently employed by its being the mere seat of organization, of however low and simple a type—why not, by its being the mere seat of attraction? cohesion, crystalline power? All parts of the universe appear pervaded by attraction, by forces of aggregation and atomic relation, by light and heat: why may not these be sufficient, in the eyes of the Creator, to prevent the space from being "wasted," as, during a great part of the earth's past history, and over vast portions of its mass in its present form, they are actually held by Him to be sufficient? since these powers, or forces, are all that occupy such portions. This notion, therefore, of the improbability of there being, in the universe so vast an amount of "waste" spaces, or "waste" bodies, as is implied in the notion that the earth, alone, is the seat of life, or of intelligence, is confuted by matter of fact, existing, in respect of vast spaces, waste districts, and especially waste times, upon our own earth. The avoidance of such "waste," according to our notions of waste, is no part of the economy of creation, so far as we can

discern that economy in its most certain exemplification.

III. Is the difficulty this:—That giving such a peculiar dignity and importance to the earth, is CONTRARY TO THE ANALOGY OF CREATION?*

This objection, be it observed, assumes that there are so many globes similar to the earth, and like her revolving—some accompanied as she is, by satellites—on their axis, and that therefore it is reasonable to suppose the destination and office of all, the same;—that there are so many stars, each, like our sun, a source of light, probably also of heat; and that it is consequently reasonable to suppose their light and heat, like his, imparted, as from so many centres of systems, to uphold life;—and that all this affords strong ground for believing all such planets, as well those of our own as of other systems, inhabited like our planet.

But the Essayist again directs the eye of the questioner to the state of our own planet, as demonstrated by Geology, in order to show the precariousness, if not futility, of supposing such an analogy to exist. It would lead us to a palpably false conclusion, viz.—that during all the vast successive periods of the Earth's history, that Earth was occupied with life of the same order—nay, even, that since the Earth is now the seat of an intelligent population, it must have been so in all its former conditions. For it was then able, and adapted to support animal life, and that of creatures pretty closely resembling man,‡ in physical structure. Nevertheless, if evidence go for anything, the Earth did not do so! "Even," says Dr. Whewell, "those geologists who have dwelt most on the discovery of fossil monkeys, and other animals nearest to man, have not dreamed that there existed, before him, a race of rational, intelligent, and progressive creatures."† Here, however, he is mistaken, as we shall presently see Sir David Brewster revelling in such a dream. As, then, the notion that one period of time in the earth's history must resemble another in the character of its population, because it resembles it in physical conditions, is negated by the history of the earth itself; so the notion that one part of the universe must resemble another in its population, because it has a resemblance in physical conditions, is negated, as a law of creation. Analogy really affords no support to such a notion.

IV. Nay, continues Dr. Whewell,§ we may go further: instead of the analogy of creation pointing to such entire resemblance of similar parts, it points in the opposite direction: it is

Essay, p. 166.

† Even of monkeys, there have been found fossil remains.

‡ Essay, p. 197.

§ Ibid., p. 198.

* Essay, p. 194.

† Essay, p. 196.

not entire resemblance, but universal difference, that we discover: not the repetition of exactly similar cases, but a series of cases perpetually dissimilar, presents itself: not constancy, but change—perhaps advance; not one permanent and pervading scheme, but preparation, and completion of successive schemes:—not uniformity, and a fixed type of existences, but progression and a climax.

Viewing the advent of Man, and what preceded it, it seems the analogy of nature that there should be inferior, as well as superior, provinces in the universe, and that the inferior may occupy an immensely larger portion of Time than the superior. Why not, then, of Space?

"The earth was brute and inert, compared with its present condition; dark and chaotic, so far as the light of reason and intelligence are concerned, for countless centuries before man was created. Why, then, may not other parts of the creation be still in this brute, and inert, and chaotic state, while the earth is under the influence of a higher exercise of creative power? If the earth was for ages a turbid abyss of lava, and of mud, why may not Mars or Saturn be so still? . . . The possibility that the planets are such rude masses, is quite as tenable, on astronomical grounds, as the possibility that the planets resemble the earth, in matters of which astronomy can tell us nothing. We say, therefore, that the example of geology refutes the argument drawn from the supposed analogy of one part of the universe with another; and suggests a strong suspicion that the force of analogy, better known, may tend in the opposite direction."*

We have now gone through a large portion, embracing two of the three sections into which we had divided this startling *Essay*; presenting as full and fair an account of it as is consistent with our limits. Though the author professes that he "does not pretend to disprove the Plurality of Worlds, but to deny the existence of arguments making the doctrine probable," his undisguised object is to assign cogent reasons for holding the opposite to be the true doctrine—the Unity of the World. What has gone before is, moreover, on the assumption that the other bodies of the universe are fitted, equally with the Earth, to be the abodes of life. Before passing on, however, to the remaining section of the *Essay*, which is decidedly hostile to that assumption, let us here introduce on the scene Dr. Whewell's only hitherto avowed antagonist, Sir David Brewster.

Though it is impossible to treat otherwise than with much consideration, whatever is published by this gentleman, we must express our regret that he did not more deliberately

approach so formidable an opponent as Dr. Whewell, and, as we are compelled to add, in a more calm and courteous spirit. We never read a performance less calculated than this *Essay*, from its modesty and moderation of tone, and the high and abstract nature of the topics which it discusses with such powerful logic, and such a profusion of knowledge of every kind, to provoke an acrimonious answer. It is happily rare, in recent times, for one of two philosophic disputants, to speak of the other's "exhibiting an amount of knowledge so massive as occasionally to smother his reason;"* "ascribing his sentiments only to some morbid condition of the mental powers, which feeds upon paradox, and delights in doing violence to sentiments deeply cherished, and to opinions universally believed;† characterizing some of his reasonings as "dialectics in which a large dose of banter and ridicule is seasoned with a little condiment of science;‡ and an elaborate argument, of great strength and originality, whether sound or not, as "the most ingenious, though shallow piece of sophistry, which we!" (Sir David Brewster) have encountered in modern times;§ referring his "theories and speculations to no better a feeling than a love of notoriety.¶" It is not to be supposed that Sir David was not perfectly aware who his opponent was,¶ which occasions extreme surprise at the tone adopted throughout *More Worlds than One*. In his preface, he explains as a cause of his anger, that he found that "the author" of the *Essay*, "under a title calculated to mislead the public, had made an elaborate attack upon opinions consecrated, as Sir David had thought, by reason and revelation,"—that the author had not only adopted a theory (the Nebular) so universally condemned as a dangerous speculation, "but had taken a view of the condition of the solar system calculated to disparage the science of astronomy, and throw a doubt over the noblest of its truths." We dismiss this topic with a repetition of our regret, that so splendid a subject was not approached in a serener spirit; that greater respect was not shown by one of his contemporaries for one of the most eminent

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 237, (we quote from the first edition).

† *Ibid.*, p. 230.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 240.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 202.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 199.

¶ In fact, in a note to page 247, Sir David thus slyly alludes to those "conjectures" of Dr. Whewell in his "Bridgewater Treatise," to which we have referred (ante, pp. 290, 291):—"A very different opinion is stated by Dr. Whewell, in his 'Bridgewater Treatise;' adding, after citing the passages, "the rest of the chapter, 'On the vastness of the Universe,' is well worthy of the perusal of the reader, and forms a striking contrast with the opinions of the Essayist."—This is perfectly fair.

men of the age; and that sufficient time was not taken, in order to avoid divers surprising *maculae* occurring in even the composition, and certain rash and unguarded expressions and speculations.

If Dr. Whewell may be regarded as (*pace tanti viri*!) a sort of Star-Smasher, his opponent is in very truth a Star-Peopler. Though he admits that "there are some difficulties to be removed, and some additional analogies to be adduced, before the mind can admit the startling proposition* that the Sun, Moon, and all the satellites, are inhabited spheres"—yet he believes that they are † that all the planets of their respective systems are so; as well as all the single stars, double stars and nebulae, with all planets and satellites circling about them!—though "our *faltering reason utterly fails us*!" he owns.‡ "when called on to believe that even the *Nebulae* must be surrendered to life and reason! Wherever there is matter *there must be life*! One can by this time almost pardon the excitement, the alarm rather, and anger, with which Sir David ruefully beheld Dr. Whewell go forth on his exterminating expedition through Infinitude! It was like a father gazing on the ruthless slaughter of his offspring. Planet after planet, satellite after satellite, star after star, sun after sun, single suns and double suns, system after system, nebula after nebula, all disappeared before this sidereal Quixote! As for Jupiter and Saturn, the pet planets of Sir David, they were dealt with in a way perfectly shocking. The former turned out, to the disordered optics and unsteady brain of the Essayist, to be a sphere of water, with perhaps a few cinders at the centre, and peopled "with cartilaginous and glutinous monsters—boneless, watery, pulpy creatures, floating in the fluid;" while poor Saturn may be supposed turning aghast on hearing that, for all his grand appearance, he was little else than a sphere of vapor, with a little water, tenanted, if at all, by "aqueous, gelatinous creatures—too sluggish almost to be deemed alive—floating in their ice-cold waters, shrouded forever by their humid skies!" But talk after this of the pensive Moon! "She is a mere cinder! a collection of sheets of rigid slag, and inactive craters!" This could be borne no longer; so thus Sir David pours forth the grief and indignation of the Soul Astronomic, in a passage fraught with the spirit, and embodying the results, of his whole book, and which we give, as evidently labored by the author with peculiar care.

Those ungenial minds that can be brought to believe that the earth is the only inhabited body in the universe, will have no difficulty in conceiving that it also might have been without in-

habitants. Nay, if such minds are imbued with geological truth, they must admit that for millions of years the earth was without inhabitants; and hence we are led to the extraordinary result, that for millions of years there was not an intelligent creature in the vast dominions of the universal King; and that before the formation of the protozoic strata, there was neither a plant nor an animal throughout the infinity of space! During this long period of universal death, when Nature herself was asleep—the sun, with his magnificent attendants—the planets, with their faithful satellites—the stars in the binary systems—the solar system itself, were performing their daily, their annual, and their secular movements unseen, unheeded, and fulfilling no purpose that human reason can conceive; lamps lighting nothing—fires heating nothing—waters quenching nothing—clouds screening nothing—breezes fanning nothing—and everything around, mountain and valley, hill and dale earth and ocean, all meaning nothing.

The stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space.

To our apprehension, such a condition of the earth, of the solar system, and of the sidereal universe, would be the same as that of our own globe if all its vessels of war and of commerce were traversing its seas with empty cabins and freightless holds; as if all the railways on its surface were in full activity without passengers and goods; and all our machinery beating the air and gnashing their iron teeth without work performed. A house without tenants, a city without citizens, present to our minds the same idea as a planet without life, and a universe without inhabitants. Why the house was built, why the city was founded, why the planet was made, and why the universe was created, it would be difficult even to conjecture. Equally great would be the difficulty were the planets shapeless lumps of matter, poised in ether, and still and motionless as the grave. But when we consider them as chiselled spheres, and teeming with inorganic beauty, and in full mechanical activity, performing their appointed motions with such miraculous precision that their days and their years never err a second of time in hundreds of centuries, the difficulty of believing them to be without life is, if possible, immeasurably increased. To conceive any one material globe, whether a gigantic clod slumbering in space, or a noble planet equipped like our own, and duly performing its appointed task, to have no living occupants, or not in a state of preparation to receive them, seems to us one of those notions which could be harbored only in an ill-educated and ill-regulated mind—a mind without faith and without hope: but to conceive a whole universe of moving and revolving worlds in such a category, indicates, in our apprehension, a mind dead to feeling and shorn of reason.*

"It is doubtless possible," observes Sir David, however, a little further on,† as if with a

* More Worlds than One, p. 98.

† Ibid. p. 108.

‡ Ibid. p. 166.

* More Worlds than One, pp. 180, 183.

† Ibid. p. 168.

twinge of misgiving, "that the Mighty Architect of the universe may have had other objects in view, incomprehensible by us, than that of supporting animal and vegetable life in these magnificent spheres." Would that Sir David Brewster would allow himself to be largely influenced by this rational and devout sentiment! His book is, on the contrary, crammed with assertions from beginning to end, and of a peremptory and intolerant character unknown to the spirit of genuine philosophy.

The Essayist, however, is not incapable of quiet humor: and the following pregnant passage is at least worthy to stand side by side with that which we have just quoted from his indignant and eloquent opponent:—

Undoubtedly, all true astronomers, taught caution and temperance of thought by the discipline of their magnificent science, abstain from founding such assumptions upon their discoveries. They know how necessary it is to be upon their guard against the tricks which fancy plays with the senses; and if they see appearances of which they cannot interpret the meaning, they are content that they should have no meaning for them, till the due explanation comes. We have innumerable examples of this wise and cautious temper in all periods of astronomy. One has occurred lately. Several careful astronomers, observing the stars by day, had been surprised to see globes of light glide across the field of view of their telescopes, often in rapid succession, and in great numbers. They did not, as may be supposed, rush to the assumption that these globes were celestial bodies of a new kind, before unseen, and that, from the peculiarity of their appearance and movement, they were probably inhabited by beings of a peculiar kind. They proceeded differently. They altered the focus of their telescopes, looked with other glasses, made various changes and trials; and finally discovered that these globes of light were the winged seeds of certain plants, which were wafted through the air, and which, illuminated by the sun, were made globular by being at distances unsuited to the focus of the telescopes!"*

Before proceeding to give our readers some idea of the mode in which Sir David Brewster encounters Dr. Whewell, let us offer a general observation concerning both these eminent gentlemen. While the latter exhibits throughout his Essay a spirit of candor and modesty, without one harsh expression or uncharitable insinuation with reference to the holder of doctrines which he is bent upon impugning with all his mental power and multifarious resources; the former, we have seen, uses language at once heated, uncourteous, and unjustifiable: especially where he more than insinuates that his opponent, whose great knowledge and ability he admits, either delib-

erately countenances doctrines tending really to Atheism, or may be believed "ignorant of their tendency, and to have forgotten the truths of Inspiration, and even those of Natural Religion."† To venture, however circuitously, to hint such imputations upon an opponent whom he had not the slightest reason to suspect being one of such high and responsible academic position, is an offence equally against personal courtesy and public propriety; as we think Sir David Brewster would, on reflection, acknowledge. Both Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster must excuse us, if, scanning both through the cold medium of impartial criticism, their speculations, questions, or assertions appear to us disturbed and deflected by a leading prepossession or foregone conclusion, which we shall indicate in the words of each.

DR. WHEWELL.—"The Earth is really the largest Planetary body in the Solar system; its domestic hearth, and the Only World [i. e. collection of intelligent creatures] in the Universe."‡

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.—"Life is almost a property of matter. . . . Wherever there is Matter, there must be Life:—Life physical, to enjoy its beauties; Life Moral, to worship its Maker; and Life Intellectual, to proclaim His wisdom and His power. . . . Universal Life upon Universal Matter, is an idea to which the mind instinctively clings. . . . Every star in the Heavens, and every point in a nebula which the most powerful telescope has not separated from its neighbor, is a sun surrounded by inhabited planets like our own. . . . In peopling such worlds with life and intelligence, we assign the cause of their existence; and when the mind is once alive to this great Truth, it cannot fail to realize the grand combination of infinity of life with infinity of matter."§

The composition of Sir David Brewster, though occasionally too declamatory and rhetorical, and so far lacking the dignified simplicity befitting the subjects with which he deals, has much merit. It is easy, vivid, and vigorous, but will bear retrenchment, and lowering of tone. As to the substantial texture of his work, we think it betrays, in almost every page, haste and impetuosity, and evidence that the writer has sadly under-estimated the strength of his opponent. Another feature of *More Worlds than One*, is a manifest desire *provocare ad populum*—a greater anxiety, in the first instance, to catch the ear of the million, than to convince the "fit audience, though few." Now, however, to his work; and, as we have already said, on him lies the laboring oar of proof. All that his opponent professes to do, is to ask for argu-

* *More Worlds than One*, p. 248.

† Essay, chap. x. sec. 10, pp. 308, 309; chap. xii. sec. 1, p. 359.

‡ *More Worlds than One*, pp. 178, 179.

* Essay, chap. vii. sec. 17, p. 221.

ments "rendering probable" that "doctrine" which Sir David pledges himself to demonstrate to be not only the "hope" of the Christian, but the *creed* of the philosopher: as much, that is, an article of his belief, as the doctrines of attraction and gravitation, or the existence of demonstrable astronomical facts.

He commences with a brief introduction sketching the growth of the belief in a plurality of worlds—one steadily and firmly increasing in strength till it encountered the rude shock of the Essayist, whose "very remarkable work" is "ably written," and who "defends ingeniously his novel and extraordinary views:" "the direct tendency of which is to ridicule and bring into contempt the grand discoveries in sidereal astronomy by which the last century has been distinguished." In his next chapter, Sir David discusses "the religious aspect of the question," representing man, especially the philosopher, as always having pined after a knowledge of the scene of his future being. He declares that neither the Old nor the New Testament contains "a single expression incompatible with the great truth that there are other worlds than our own which are the seats of life and intelligence;" but, on the contrary, there are "other passages which are inexplicable without admitting it to be true." He regards, as we have seen, the noble exclamation of the Psalmist, "What is man," as "a positive argument for a plurality of worlds;" and "cannot doubt" that he was gifted with a plenary knowledge of the starry system, inhabited as Sir David would have it to be! Dr. Chalmers, let us remark, in passing, expressed himself differently, and with a more becoming reserve: "It is not for us to say whether inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of the modern astronomy," but "even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle, the contemplation of which awakened the piety of the Psalmist"—a view in which Dr. Whewell concurs. Sir David then comes to consider the doctrine of "Man, in his future state of existence, consisting, as at present, of a spiritual nature residing in a corporeal frame." We must, therefore, find for the race of Adam, "if not for the races which preceded him!"* "a material home upon which he may reside, or from which he may travel to other localities in the universe." That house, he says, cannot be the earth, for it will not be big enough—there will be such a "population as the habitable parts of our globe could not possibly accommodate;" wherefore, "we can scarcely doubt that their future abode must be on some of the primary or secondary planets of the solar system, whose inhabitants have ceased to

exist, like those on the earth; or on planets which have long been in a state of preparation, as our earth was, for the advent of intellectual life." Here, then, is "the creed of the philosopher," as well as "the hope of the Christian." Passing, according to the order adopted in this paper, from the first chapter ("Religious Aspect of the Question"), we alight on the seventh, entitled "*Religious Difficulties*." We entertain too much consideration for Sir David Brewster to speak harshly of anything falling from his pen; but we think ourselves justified in questioning whether this chapter—dealing with speculations of an awful nature, among which the greatest religious and philosophical intellects tremble as they "go sounding on their dim and perilous way"—shows him equal to cope with his experienced opponent, whom every page devoted to such topics shows to have fixed the DIFFICULTY with which he proposed to deal, fully and steadily before his eyes, in all its moral, metaphysical, and philosophical bearings, and to have discussed it cautiously and reverently. We shall content ourselves with briefly indicating the course of observation on that "difficulty" adopted by Sir David Brewster, and leaving it to the discreet reader to form his own judgment whether Sir David has left the difficulty where he found it, or removed, lessened, or enhanced it.

Dr. Whewell, in his *Dialogue*, thus temperately and effectively deals with this section of his opponent's lucubrations:—

His own solution of the question concerning the redemption of other worlds appears to be this, that the provision made for the redemption of man by what took place upon earth eighteen hundred years ago, may have extended its influence to other worlds.

In reply to which astronomico-theological hypothesis three remarks offer themselves: In the first place, the hypothesis is entirely without warrant or countenance in the revelation from which all our knowledge of the scheme of redemption is derived; in the second place, the events which took place upon earth eighteen hundred years ago, were connected with a *train of events in the history of man*, which had begun at the creation of man, and extended through all the intervening ages; and the bearing of this whole series of events upon the condition of the inhabitants of other worlds must be so different from its bearing on the condition of man, that the hypothesis needs a dozen other auxiliary hypotheses to make it intelligible; and, in the third place, this hypothesis, making the earth, insignificant as it seems to be in the astronomical scheme, the centre of the theological scheme, ascribes to the earth a peculiar distinction, quite as much at variance with the analogies of the planets to one another, as the supposition that the earth alone is inhabited; to say nothing of the bearing of the critic's hypothesis on the other systems that encircle other suns.*

* More Worlds than One, p. 18.

* Dialogue, pp. 62—64.

"In freely discussing the subject of a Plurality of Worlds," says Sir David, "there can be no collision between Reason and Revelation." He regrets the extravagant conclusion of some, that the inhabitants of all planets but our own, "are sinless and immortal beings that never broke the Divine Law, and enjoying that perfect felicity reserved for only a few of the less favored occupants of earth. Thus chained to a planet, the lowest and most unfortunate in the universe, the philosopher, with all his analogies broken down, may justly renounce his faith in a Plurality of Worlds, and rejoice in the more limited but safer creed of the anti-Pluralist author, who makes the earth the only world in the universe, and the special object of God's paternal care."* He proceeds, in accordance with "men of lofty minds and undoubted piety," to regard the existence of moral evil as a necessary part of the general scheme of the universe, and consequently affecting all its Rational Inhabitants.† He "rejects the idea that the inhabitants of the planets do not require a Saviour; and maintains the more rational opinion, that they stand in the same moral relation to their Maker as the inhabitants of the earth; and seeks for a solution of the difficulty—how can there be inhabitants in the planets, when God had but One Son, whom He could send to save them? If we can give a satisfactory answer to this question, it may destroy the objections of the Infidel, while it relieves the Christian from his difficulties."‡ . . . "When our Saviour died, the influence of His death extended backward, in the Past, to millions who never heard His name; in the Future to millions who never will hear it. . . . a Force which did not vary with any function of the distance.§ . . . Emanating from the middle planet of the system"—The earth the middle planet of the system? How is this? In an earlier portion of his book (p. 56), Sir David had demonstrated that "our earth is neither the middle [his own italics] planet, nor the planet nearest the sun, nor the planet furthest from that luminary: that therefore the earth, as a planet, has no preeminence in the solar system, to induce us to believe that it is the only inhabited world. . . . Jupiter is the middle planet (p. 55), and is otherwise highly distinguished!" How is this? Can the two passages containing such direct contradictions have emanated from the same scientific controversialist?—To resume, however:

—"Emanating from the middle planet of the system, why may it not have extended to them all, . . . to the Planetary Races in the Past, and to the Planetary Races in the Future? . . . But to bring our argument

more within the reach of an ordinary understanding"—he supposes our earth split into two parts! the old world and the new (as Biela's comet is supposed to have been divided in 1846), at the beginning of the Christian era! *—"would not both fragments have shared in the beneficence of the Cross—the penitent on the shores of the Mississippi, as richly as the pilgrim on the banks of the Jordan? . . . Should this view prove unsatisfactory to the anxious inquirer, we may suggest another sentiment, even though we ourselves may not admit it into our creed. . . . May not the Divine Nature, which can neither suffer, nor die, and which, in our planet, once only clothed itself in humanity, resume elsewhere a physical form, and expiate the guilt of unnumbered worlds?" †

We repeat, that we abstain from offering any of the stern strictures which these passages almost extort from us.

He proceeds to declare himself incompetent to comprehend the Difficulty "put in a form so unintelligible" by the Essayist—that of a kind of existence, similar to that of men, in respect of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual character, and its progressive development, existing in any region occupied by other beings than man. He denies that Progression has been the character of the history of men,‡ but rather frequent and vast retrogressions ever since the Fall; and asks "which of these ever-changing conditions of humanity is the unique condition of the Essayist—incapable of repetition in the scheme of the Universe?" § Why may there not be an intermediate race between that of man and the angelic beings of Scripture, where human reason shall pass into the highest form of created mind, and human affections into their noblest development?—

Why may not the intelligence of the spheres be ordained for the study of regions and objects unstudied and unknown on earth? Why may not labor have a better commission than to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow? Why may it not pluck its loaf from the bread-fruit tree, or gather its manna from the ground, or draw its wine from the bleeding vessels of the vine, or inhale its anodyne breath from the paradise gas of its atmosphere?" ¶

And Sir David thus concludes the chapter:

The difficulties we have been considering, in so far as they are of a religious character, have been very unwisely introduced into the question of a Plurality of worlds. We are not entitled to remonstrate with the sceptic, but we venture

* More Worlds than One, p. 181.

† Ibid. ‡ Ibid., p. 138.

§ Ibid., p. 138.

* More Worlds than One, p. 140.

† Ibid., pp. 141, 142.

‡ Ibid., p. 152.

§ Ibid., p. 151.

¶ Ibid., p. 153.

to doubt the soundness of that philosopher's judgment who thinks that the truths of natural religion are affected by a belief in planetary races, and the reality of that Christian's faith who considers it to be endangered by a belief that there are other worlds than his own.

This last paragraph induces us to go so far as to doubt whether Sir David Brewster has addressed his understanding deliberately, to the subject to which so large a portion of the most elaborate reasonings of Dr. Whewell have been directed.

Sir David does not quarrel with the Essayist's account of the constitution of man; and we must now see how he deals with the Essayist's arguments drawn from Geology.

Sir David "is not disposed to grudge the geologist even periods so marvellous" as "millions of years required for the formation of strata, provided they be considered as merely hypothetical;" and admits that "our seas and continents have nearly the same locality, and cover nearly the same area, as they did at the creation of Adam;" but demurs to the conclusion that the earth was prepared for man by causes operating so gradually as the diurnal change going on around us. "Why may not the Almighty have deposited the earth's strata, during the whole period of its formation, by a rapid precipitation of their atoms from the waters which suspended them, so as to reduce the period of the earth's formation to little more than the united generations of the different orders of planets and animals constituting its organic remains? Why not still further shorten the period, by supposing that planets and animals, requiring, in our day, a century for their development, may in primitive times have shot up in rank luxuriance, and been ready, in a few days! or months! or years, for the great purpose of exhibiting, by their geological distribution, the progressive formation of the earth?"*

These questions, of which a myriad similar ones might be asked by any one, we leave to our geological readers; and to hasten to inform them, that in involuntary homage to the powerful reasonings of his opponent, Sir David Brewster is fain to question the "inference that man did not exist during the period of the earth's formation;"† and to suggest that "there may have existed intellectual races in present unexplored continental localities, or the immense regions of the earth now under water!"—"The future of geology may be pregnant with startling discoveries of the remains of intellectual races, even beneath the primitive Azoic‡ formations of the earth! . .

Who can tell what sleeps beyond? Another creation may be beneath! more glorious creatures may be entombed there! the mortal coils of beings more lovely, more pure, more divine than man, may yet read to us the unexpected lesson that we have not been the first, and may not be the last of the intellectual race!"* Is he who can entertain and publish conjectures like these, entitled to stigmatize so severely those of other speculators—as "inconceivable absurdities, which no sane mind can cherish—suppositions too ridiculous even for a writer of romance!" This wild license given to the fancy may not be amiss in a poet, whose privilege it is that his "eye in a fine phrenzy rolling" may "give to airy nothing a local habitation, and a name:"—but when set in the scale against the solemnly magnificent array of facts in the earth's history established by Geology, may be summarily discarded by sober and grave inquirers.

The Essayist's suggested analogy between man's relation to time and to space appears to us not understood, in either its scope or nature, by Sir David Brewster. At this we are as much surprised, as at the roughness with which he characterises the argument, as "the most ingenious though shallow piece of sophistry he has ever encountered in modern dialectics." The Essayist suggests a comparison between the numbers expressing the four magnitudes and distances,—of the earth, the solar system, the fixed stars, and the nebulae—and the numbers expressing the antiquity of the four geological periods "for the sake of giving definiteness to our notions." Sir David abstains from quoting these last expressions, and alleges that the Essayist, "quitting the ground of analogy," founds an elaborate argument on the mutual relation of an atom of time and an atom of space. The "argument" Sir David thus presents to his readers, the capital and italic letters being his own: "That is, the earth, the ATOM OF SPACE, is the only one of the planetary and sidereal worlds that is inhabited, because it was so long without inhabitants, and has been occupied only an ATOM OF TIME."† "If any of our readers," he adds, "see the force of this argument, they must possess an acuteness of perception to which we lay no claim. To us, it is not only illogical; it is a mere sound in the ear, without any sense in the brain." This is the language possibly befitting an irritated Professor towards an ignorant and conceited student, but hardly suitable when Sir David Brewster is speaking of such an antagonist as he cannot but know he has to deal with. It does not appear to us the Essayist's attempt, or purpose, to establish any arbitrary absolute relation between time

* More Worlds than One, pp. 44—47.

† Ibid. p. 47.

‡ Azoic signifies those primary rocks which contain no traces of organic life, no remains of plants or animals.

* More Worlds than One, p. 52.

† Ibid., p. 206.

and space, or definite proportions of either, as concurring or alternative elements for determining the probability of a plurality of worlds. But he says to the dogmatic astronomical objector to Christianity, Such arguments as you have hitherto derived from *your* consideration of SPACE, MULTITUDE, and MAGNITUDE, for the purpose of depressing man into a being beneath his Maker's special notice, I encounter by arguments derived from recent disclosures concerning another condition of existence—DURATION, or TIME. Protesting that neither Time nor Space has any true connection with the subject, nevertheless I will turn your own weapons against yourself. My argument from Time shall at least neutralize yours from Space: mine shall involve the conditions of yours, fraught with their supposed irresistible force, and falsify them in fact, as forming premises whence may be deduced derogatory inferences concerning man. The Essayist's ingenious and suggestive argument is intended not to prove an opinion, but to *remove an objection*; which according to the profound thinker, Bishop Butler, is the proper office of analogy. It is asked, for instance, *how* can you suppose that man, such as he is represented to be, occupies only an immeasurably minute fraction of existing matter? and it is answered, I find that man occupies only an immeasurably minute fraction of elapsed time: and this is, to me, an answer to the "*How*," as concluding improbability. *How* is balanced against *How*: Difficulty against difficulty: they neutralize each other, and leave the great question, the great reality, standing as it did before either was suggested, to be dealt with according to such evidence as God has vouchsafed us. We, therefore, do not see that the Essayist is driven to say, as Sir David Brewster alleges he is, either that because man has occupied only an atom of space, he must live only an atom of time on the earth; * or that because he has lived only an atom of time, he must occupy but an atom of space. In dismissing this leading portion of the Essayist's reasonings, we shall say only that we consider it worthy of the attention of all persons occupied in speculations of this nature, as calculated to suggest trains of novel, profitable, and deeply interesting reflection.

Thus far the Essayist, as followed by his opponent, on the assumption that the other bodies of the universe are fitted, equally with the earth, to be the abodes of life. *But are they?* Here we are brought to the last stage of the Essayist's speculations—What physical EVIDENCE have we that the other bodies of the Solar System, besides the Earth, the Fixed Stars, and the Nebulae, are structures capable

of supporting human life, of being inhabited by Rational and Moral Beings?

The great question, in its physical aspect, is now fully before us: Is there that analogy on which the pluralist relies?

For the existence of Life, several conditions must concur; and any of these failing, life, so far as we know anything about it, is impossible. Not air only, and moisture, but a certain temperature, neither too hot nor too cold, and a certain consistence, on which the living frame can rest. Without the other conditions, atmosphere alone does not make life possible; still less, prove its existence. A globe of red-hot metal, or of solid ice, however well provided with an atmosphere, could not be inhabited, so far as we can conceive. The old maxim of the logicians is true: that it requires *all* the conditions to establish the affirmative, but that the negative of any *one* proves the negative.

First, as to the smallest tenants of our system, the thirty* planetoids, some of which are certainly no larger than Mont Blanc.

Sir David Brewster dare not venture to suggest that they are inhabited, or in any condition to become so, any more than meteoric stones, which modern science regards as masses of matter, moving, like the planets, in the celestial spaces, subject to the gravitating attraction of the Sun; the Earth encountering them occasionally, either striking directly upon them, or approaching to them so closely that they are drawn by the terrestrial attraction, first within the atmosphere, and afterwards to the earth's surface.† Here our Essayist gives a thrust at his Pluralist opponent not to be parried, asking him why he shrunk from asserting the planetoids and meteoric stones to be inhabited? If it be because of their being found to be uninhabited, or of their smallness, then "the argument that they are inhabited *because* they are planets, fails him."‡

"There is, then," says elsewhere the wary Essayist, § "a degree of smallness which makes you reject the supposition of inhabitants. But where does that degree of smallness begin? The surface of *Mars* is only one-fourth that of the Earth. Moreover if you allow all the planetoids to be uninhabited, those planets which you acknowledge to be probably uninhabited far outnumber those with regard to which even the most resolute Pluralist holds to be inhabited. The majority swells every year; the planetoids are now thirty. The fact of a planet being inhabited, then, is, at

* A thirtieth planetoid was discovered by Mr. Hind since the publication of the second edition of the Essay.

† Lardner, 'Museum of Science and Art,' vol. I. p. 156.

‡ Dirl., p. 60.

§ Ibid., p. 28.

* More Worlds than One, pp. 206, 207.

any rate, rather the exception than the rule; and therefore must be proved, in each case, by special evidence. Of such evidence I know not a trace!"

We may add, also, that Dr. Lardner, vouched for by Sir David Brewster, as we shall soon see, to be a thoroughly competent witness, gives up the planetoids as seats of habitation for animal life.*

Let us now, would say our Essayist, proceed on our negative tour, so to speak, and hasten to pay our respects to the Moon, our nearest neighbor, and whose distance from the Sun is admitted to adapt her, so far, for habitation.† If it appear, by strong evidence, that the moon is not inhabited, then there is an end of the general principle, that *all* the bodies of the solar system are inhabited, and that we must begin our speculation about each with this assumption. If the Moon be not inhabited, then, it would seem, the belief that each special body in the system is inhabited, must depend upon reasons specially belonging to that body, and cannot be taken for granted without these reasons.‡ Now, as to the Moon, we have latterly acquired the means of making such exact and minute inquiries, that at the meeting of the British Association at Hull last year, Mr. Phillips, an eminent geologist, stated that astronomers can discern the shape of a spot on the Moon's surface, only a few hundred feet in breadth. Passing by, however, the Essayist's brief but able account of the physical condition of this satellite of ours, we will cite the recent testimony of one accredited by Sir David Brewster§ as "a mathematician and a natural philosopher, who has studied, more than any preceding writer, the analogies between the Earth and the other planets"—Dr. Lardner, who, in the third volume (published since our last Number appeared) of the work placed at the head of this article, thus concludes his elaborate account of the Moon, as now regarded by the most enlightened astronomers—after proving it to be "as exempt from an atmosphere as is the utterly-exhausted receiver of a good air-pump!"

* Museum, etc., vol. i. p. 64.

† P. 71. Her distance from us is 240,000 miles; and our Essayist, by the way, tells us (chap. x. §7) that "a railroad-carriage, at its ordinary rate of travelling, would reach her in a month." We should not like to travel by the Lunar Express, but should prefer the parliamentary train, and hope, starting from the Hanwell station, to get to the terminus in a couple of years or so. Good Bishop Wilkins intended to be taken up by birds of flight, trained for the purpose. When the Duchess of Newcastle asked him where he intended to bait by the way, he answered, "Your Grace is the last person to ask me the question, having built so many castles in the air!"

‡ Essay, p. 272.

§ Pp. 60, 81.

"In fine, the entire geographical character of the moon, thus ascertained by long-continued and exact telescopic surveys, leads to the conclusion, that no analogy exists between it and the earth which could confer any probability on the conjecture that it fulfils the same purposes in the economy of the universe; and we must infer, that whatever be its uses in the solar system, or in the general purposes of creation, it is not a world inhabited by organized races such as those to which the earth is appropriated." *

We must leave Sir David and Dr. Lardner to settle their small amount of differences together; for Sir David will have it that "the moon exhibits such proofs of an atmosphere that we have a new ground from analogy for believing that she either has, or is in a state of preparation for receiving, inhabitants;" † whom, "with monuments of their hands," he "hopes may be discovered with some magnificent telescope which may be constructed!" ‡ And he is compelled to believe that "all the other unseen satellites of the solar system are homes to animal and intellectual life." § The Essayist would seem not to have deemed it necessary to deprive the sun of inhabitants; but our confident Pluralist will not surrender the stupendous body so easily. His friend Dr. Lardner properly regards it "as a vast globular furnace, the heat emitted from each square foot of which is seven times greater than the heat issuing from a square foot of the fiercest blast-furnace: to what agency the light and heat are due, no one can do more than conjecture. According to our hypothesis, it is a great ELECTRIC LIGHT in the centre of the system;" || and "entirely removed from all analogy with the earth"—utterly unsuited for the habitation of organized tribes. ¶ Nevertheless Sir David believes that "the sun is richly stored with inhabitants"—the probability "being doubtless greatly increased by the simple consideration of its enormous size"—a domain so extensive, so blessed with perpetual light; but it would seem that "if it be inhabited," it is probably "occupied by the highest orders of intelligence!" ** who, however, are allowed to enjoy their picturesque, and, it must be owned, somewhat peculiar, but doubtless blessed position, only by peeping every now and then through the sun's spots, and so "seeing distinctly the planets and stars"—in fact, "large portions of the heavens!" †† Perhaps it may be thought that this is not a very handsome way of dealing with such exalted beings!

* Museum, etc., vol. iii. p. 43.

† P. 108.

‡ P. 109.

§ Ibid. vol. i. p. 63.

** More Worlds than One, pp. 97, 101,

†† Pp. 98, 100.

† P. 24.

‡ P. 112.

The Essayist has now our seven principal sister-planets to deal with—the two *infra*-terrestrial, Mercury and Venus, and the five *extra*-terrestrial—Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune;—and as to all these, the question continues, do they so *resemble* the earth in physical conditions, as to lead us safely to the conclusion that they resemble it in that other capital particular of being the habitations of intellectual and moral beings? Here, be it observed, that every symptom of unlikeness which the Essayist can detect, greatly augments the burthen of proof incumbent upon his opponents.

When it was discovered that the old planets in certain important particulars resembled the earth, being opaque and solid bodies, having similar motions round the sun and on their own axis, some accompanied by satellites, and all having arrangements producing day and night, summer and winter, who could help wondering whether they must not also have inhabitants, reckoning and regulating their lives and employments by days, months, and years? This was, at most, however, a mere guess or conjecture; and whether it is now more probable than then, depends on the intervening progress of astronomy and science in general. Have subsequent discoveries strengthened or impugned the validity of the conjecture? The limits of our system have been since vastly extended by the discovery of Uranus and Neptune; and the planetary sisterhood has also increased in number by thirty little and very eccentric ones.

Now, as to NEPTUNE, says the Essayist, in substance, what reason has a sensible person for believing it peopled, as the earth is, by human beings, i. e. consisting of body and soul? He is thirty times further than we are from the sun, which will appear to it a mere star—about the size of Jupiter to us; and Neptune's light and heat will be nine hundred times less than ours! * If it, nevertheless, contain animal and intellectual life, we must try to conceive how they get on with such a *modicum* of those useful elements!

But have we general grounds for assuming all the planetary bodies inhabited? Beginning with the moon, we have encountered a decided negative. If any planet, however, have sufficient light, heat, clouds, winds, and a due adjustment of gravity, and the strength of the materials of which organization consists, there may be life of some sort or other. Now we can measure and weigh the planets, exactly, by the law of gravitation, which embraces every particle of matter in our system, and find the mass of our earth to be only five times heavier than water. Comparing it with JUPITER—the bulk of which is 1331 times greater

than that of the Earth—his density is, as a whole, only a quarter of that of the Earth—not greater than it would be as a sphere of water; and he is *conjectured* to be such, and the existence of his belts to be lines of clouds, fed with vapors raised by the sun's action on such a watery sphere—the lines of such clouds being of so steady and determined a character, in consequence of his great rotatory velocity. Equal bulk for equal bulk, he is lighter than the Earth, but of course much heavier altogether; and as he is five times the Earth's distance from the Sun, he must get a proportionally smaller amount of light and heat, and even that diminished by the clouds enveloping him to so great an extent. What a low degree of vitality, and what kind of organization must animal existence possess, to suit such physical conditions, especially with reference to gravity, which, at his surface, is nearly two and a half times that on the Earth! Boneless, watery, pulpy inhabitants of the cold waters; or they may be frozen so far as to exclude the idea of animal existence; or it may be restricted to shallow parts in a planet of ice.* But if this be so, to what end his gorgeous array of satellites?—his four moons? "Precisely the same," answers our pertinacious Essayist, "as the use of our moon during the countless ages before man was placed on the earth; while it was tenanted by corals, madrepores, shell-fish, belemnites, the cartilaginous fishes of the old red sandstone, or the Saurian monsters of the lias. With these *differences*, it is asked, what becomes of analogy—of resemblances justifying our belief that Jupiter is inhabited like ourselves?"

To this answers Sir David Brewster: "Jupiter's great size 'is, alone, a proof that it must have been made for some *grand and useful* purpose:' it is flattened at its poles; revolves on its axis in nearly ten hours; has different climates and seasons; and is abundantly illuminated, in the short absence of the sun, by its four moons, giving him, in fact, 'perpetual moonlight.' Why does the sun give it days, nights, and years? Why do its moons irradiate its continents and seas? Its equatorial breezes blow perpetually over its plains? To what purpose could such a gigantic world have been framed, unless to supply the wants, and minister to the happiness, of living beings? Still, it is admitted,† 'that certain objections or difficulties naturally present themselves.' The distance of Jupiter from the sun precludes the possibility of sufficient light and heat from that quarter, to support either vegetable or animal life as it exists on the earth; the cold must be very intense—its rivers and seas must be tracks and fields of ice.‡ But it may

* Essay, p. 278.

* Essay, p. 381, 289.

† Brewster, p. 60.

‡ To descend, for a moment, to details, Sir

be answered, that the temperature of a planet depends on other causes—the condition of its atmosphere, and the internal heat of its mass—as is the case with our earth; and such “may” be the case in Jupiter; and, “if” so, may secure a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain such animal and vegetable life as ours; yet, it is owned, it cannot “increase the feeble light which Jupiter derives from the sun;” but an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and increased sensibility of the retina, would make the sun’s light as brilliant to Jovians as to us.* Besides, a brilliant phosphorescent light “may” be excited in the satellites by the sun’s rays. Again, the day of ten hours may be thought insufficient for physical repose; but, it is answered, five hours’ repose are sufficient for five of labor. “A difficulty of a more serious kind,† however, is presented by the great force of gravity on so gigantic a planet as Jupiter;” but Sir David gives us curious calculations to show that a Jovian’s weight would be only double that of a man on the earth.

Struck by such a formidable array of differences, when he was in quest of *resemblances* only,—

“Alike, but, oh! how different!”

Sir David rebukes the sceptic for forming so

David Brewster will not allow himself to be driven to elect between the icy or watery constituency of Jupiter. He declares direct experiment to have proved that it is neither; that if Jupiter were a sphere of water, the light reflected from his surface, when in his quadratures, must contain, as it does not, a large portion of polarized light; and if his crust consist of mountains, precipices, and rocks of ice, some of whose faces must occasionally reflect the incident light at nearly the polarizing angle, the polarization of their light would be distinctly indicated. The Essayist, in his ‘Dialogue,’ doubts whether the remark is applicable; for Jupiter’s watery or icy mass must be clothed in a thick stratum of air, and aqueous vapor, and clouds. But even were the planet free from clouds, the parts of the planet’s surface from which polarized light would be reflected, would be only as points compared with the whole surface; and the common light reflected from the whole surface would quite overwhelm and obliterate the polarized light.”—*Dial.* p. 64. We cite this as a sample of the ingenuity of both disputants, in a point of scientific contact. Whether Sir David’s conjectural polarized light be or be not thus obliterated, in our view the item in dispute is quite lost in the general question, and the great principles on which its solution depends. If driven to elect between ice and water, asks Sir David playfully, “may we not, upon good grounds, prefer the probable ice to the possible water, and accommodate the inhabitants of Jupiter with very comfortable quarters, in huts of snow and houses of crystal, warmed by subterranean heat, and lighted with the hydrogen of its waters, and its cinders not wholly deprived of their bitumen?”—Pp. 236, 237. The answer of his opponent would be obvious.

* Brewster, p. 61.

† Ibid., p. 62.

low an opinion of Omnipotent Wisdom, as to assume that “the inhabitants of the planets must be either men, or anything resembling them. Is it,” he asks, “necessary that an immortal soul should be hung upon a skeleton of bone, or imprisoned in a cage of cartilage and skin? Must it see with two eyes, and hear with two ears, and touch with ten fingers, and rest on a duality of limbs? May it not rest in a Polyphemus with one eye-ball, or in an Argus with a hundred? May it not reign in the giant forms of the Titans, and direct the hundred hands of Briareus? The being of another world may have his home in subterranean cities, warmed by central fires; or in crystal caves, cooled by ocean-tides; or he may float with the Nereids upon the deep; or mount upon wings as eagles; or rise upon the pinions of the dove, that he may flee away, and be at rest!”†

Let us pause at this point, and see how the question stands on the showing of the respectively imaginative and matter-of-fact disputants themselves. Sir David Brewster, being bound to show that analogy forces us to believe Jupiter inhabited, is compelled to admit a series of signal discrepancies in physical condition; expecting his opponent, in turn, to admit such a series of essential alterations, both of inert matter and organization, as will admit of what?—*totally different modes of animal and intellectual existence*; so different, as to drive a philosopher into the fantastic dreams in which we have just seen him indulging. Not so the Essayist, a master of the Inductive Philosophy. He does not presume impiously to limit Omnipotence; but reverently owns His power to create whatever forms and conditions of existence He pleases. But when it is asserted that He has, in fact, made beings wholly different from any that we see, “he cannot believe this without further evidence.”‡

And on this very subject of the imaginary inhabitants of Jupiter, he says, after reading what his heated and fanciful opponent has advanced: “You are hard,” he makes an objector say, “on our neighbors in Jupiter, when you will not allow them to be anything better than ‘boneless, watery, pulpy creatures.’” To which he answers, “I had no disposition to be hard on them when I entered upon these speculations. I drew, what appeared to me, probable conclusions from all the facts of the case. *If the laws of attraction, of light, of heat, and the like, be the same as they are here, which we believe to be certain, the laws of life must also be the same; and if so, I can draw no other conclusions than those which I have stated.*”§

* Brewster, pp. 65, 66.

† Ibid., pp. 68, 69.

‡ Dial. p. 6.

§ Ibid., p. 23.

Says the Essayist, I know that my Maker can invest with the intellect of a Newton, each of

"The gay motes that people the sunbeams;"

but before I believe that he has done so, give me reasonable and adequate evidence of so wonderful and sublime a fact; or I must believe in any kind of nonsense that any one can imagine.

The planet Jupiter affords a fair sample of the procedure of the Essayist and his opponent, with reference to all the other primary planets of the solar system. From Mercury, in red-hot contiguity to the Sun, to Neptune, which is at thirty times the Earth's distance from it, and from which, as we have seen, it derives only *one nine-hundredth* part of the light and heat imparted to ourselves by the Sun,—Sir David Brewster will have all inhabited, and the physical condition of each correspondingly altered to admit of it; central heat, and eyes the pupils of which are sufficiently enlarged, and the retina's sensibility sufficiently increased, to admit of seeing with nine hundred times less light than is requisite for our own organs of sight! "Uranus and Neptune," concludes the triumphant Pluralist,* nothing daunted by the overwhelming evidences of physical difference of condition, "are doubtless [with the Sun] the abodes of Life and Intelligence; the colossal temples where their Creator is recognized and worshipped,—the remotest watch-towers of our system, from which his works may be better studied, and his glories *more easily* descried!"

Why, with such elastic principles of analogy as his, stop short of peopling the Meteoric Stones with rational inhabitants? whom, and whose doings, as in the case of the Moon, "some magnificent" instrument, yet to be constructed, may discover to us?

Thus much for the planets. Before quitting which, however, we may state that, according to Dr. Lardner,—about as staunch a Pluralist as his admirer, Sir David Brewster,—a greater rapidity of rotation, and smaller intervals of light and darkness, are among the characteristics distinguishing the group of major planets from the terrestrial group. He also adds that another "striking distinction" is the comparative lightness of the matter constituting the former. The density of Venus, Mars, and our Earth, is nearly equal,—about the same as that of ironstone; while the density of the thoroughly-baked planet Mercury is equal to that of gold. "Now it appears, on the contrary," he continues, "that the density of Jupiter very little exceeds that of water; that of Uranus and Neptune is exactly that of water; while Saturn is so light

that it would float in water like a globe of pine wood. * * * The seas and oceans of these planets must consist of a liquid far lighter than water. It is computed that a liquid on Jupiter, which would be analogous to the terrestrial oceans, would be three times lighter than sulphuric ether, the lightest known liquid; and would be such that cork would scarcely float in it!"*

Commending these trifling discrepancies to Sir David's attention, while manufacturing his planetary inhabitants in conformity with them, shall we now follow his flight beyond the solar system, and get among the fixed stars? Here we are gazing at the Dog Star! "I allow," says a pensive objector to the Essayist,† "that if you disprove the existence of inhabitants in the planets of our system, I shall not feel much real interest in the possible inhabitants of the Syrian system. Neighborhood has its influence upon our feelings of regard,—even neighborhood on a scale of millions of miles!"

Here our Pluralist is quite at home, and evidently in great favor. The stars twinkle and glitter with delight at his gleeful approach, to elevate them into moral and intellectual dignity, and at the same time, perhaps, select "some bright particular" one, to be hereafter distinguished as the seat of his own personal existence; whence he is to spend eternity in radiating astronomical emanations throughout infinitude.

"Then, unembodied, doth he trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
A Thing of Eyes, that all survey,
A Thought Unseen, yet seeing all!"‡

He stands in the starry solitude, waving his wand, and—lo! he peoples each glistening speck with intellectual existence, with the highest order of intelligence, as in the case of that little star, the Sun, which he has quitted. Now as to these same FIXED STARS, we can easily guess the steps of Sir David's brief and satisfactory argument. If the stars be suns, they are inhabited like our Sun; and if they be suns, each has its planets, like our Sun; and if they have planets, they are inhabited like our planets; and if they have satellites like some of ours, they are also inhabited. But the stars are suns, and they all have planets, and at least some of these planets, satellites; therefore, all the fixed stars, with their respective planetary systems, are inhabited. (Q. E. D.)

Here are Sir David's words: "We are compelled to draw the conclusion, that wher-

* Museum, etc., vol. i. p. 35.

† Dial., p. 23.

‡ Lord Byron—Hebrew Melodies. "The philosopher will scan," says Sir David, at the close of his eloquent Treatise, "with a new sense, the lofty spheres in which he is to study."—P. 259.

* Dial., p. 76.

ever there is a sun, there must be a planetary system; and wherever there is a planetary system, there must be life and intelligence.* This is the way in which it seems we worms of the Earth feel ourselves at liberty to deal with our Almighty Creator; dogmatically insisting that every scene of existence in which He may have displayed His omnipotence, is but a repetition of that particular one in which we have our allotted place! As if He had but one pattern for Universal Creation! only one scheme for peopling and dealing with infinitude! O, that the clay should think thus of Him that fashioneth it!† Forgetting, in an exulting moment of blindness and presumption, His own awful words: *My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts!*‡

We are now, however, about to people the Fixed Stars. The only proof that they are the centres of planetary systems, resides in the assumption that these Stars are like the Sun; and as resembling him in their nature and qualities, so having the same offices and appendages,—independent sources of light, and thence probably of heat; therefore having attendant planets, to which they may impart such light and heat,—and these planets' inhabitants living under and enjoying those benign influences. Everything here depends on this proposition, that the Stars are like the Sun; and it becomes essential to examine what evidence we have of the exactness of their likeness.§ In the Preface to his Second Edition, the Essayist, whose scientific knowledge few will venture to impugn, boldly asserts that "man's knowledge of the physical properties of the luminaries which he discerns in the skies, is, even now, *almost nothing*;" and "such being the state of our knowledge, as bearing on the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, the time appeared to be not inopportune for a calm discussion of the question,—upon which, accordingly," he adds, "I have ventured in the following pages." In the same preface he has ably condensed into a single paragraph his views on the nature and extent of our present knowledge on the subject of the Fixed Stars.¶

In the opening of the chapter devoted to this subject (chap. viii.), he admits "the special evidence" as to the probability of these stars containing, in themselves, or in accompanying planets, inhabitants of any kind, "is, indeed, slight, *either way*."

As to Clustered and Double Stars, they appear to give us, he says, but little promise of inhabitants. In what degree of condensa-

tion the matter of these binary systems is, compared with that of our solar system, we have no means whatever of knowing; but even granting that each individual of the pair were a sun like ours, in the nature of its material, and its state of condensation, is it probable that it resembles our Sun also in having planets revolving about it? A system of planets revolving about, or among, a pair of Suns, which are at the same time revolving about one another, is so complex a scheme [apparently], so impossible to arrange in a stable manner, that the assumption of the existence of such schemes, without a vestige of evidence, can hardly require refutation. No doubt, if we were really required to provide such a binary system of Suns with attendant planets, this would be best done by putting the planets so near to one Sun that they should not be sensibly affected by the other; and this is accordingly what has been proposed. For, as has been well said by Sir John Herschell, of the supposed planets in making this proposal, "unless closely nestled under the protecting wing of their immediate superior, the sweep of the other Sun, in his perihelion passage round their own, might carry them off, or whirl them into orbits utterly inconsistent with the existence of their inhabitants." "To assume the existence of the inhabitants, in spite of such dangers, and to provide against the dangers by placing them so close to one Sun as to be out of the reach of the other, though the whole distance of the two may not, and as we know in some cases does not, exceed the dimensions of our solar system, is showing them all the favor which is possible. But in making this provision, it is overlooked that it may not be possible to keep them in permanent orbits so near to the selected centre. Their sun may be a vast sphere of luminous vapor, and the planets plunged into this atmosphere, may, instead of describing regular orbits, plough their way in spiral paths through the nebulous abyss of its central nucleus."*

In dealing with the Single Stars, which are, like the Sun, self-luminous, can they be proved, like him, to be definite dense masses? [His density is about that of water.] Or are they, or many of them, luminous masses in a far more diffused state, visually contracted to points through their immense distance? Some of those which we have the best means of examining are one-third, or even less, in mass, than he; and if Sirius, for instance, be in this diffused condition,—though that would not of itself prevent his having planets,—it would make him so unlike our Sun, as much to break the force of the presumption that he must have planets as he has. Again: As far

* Pp. 164, 165.

† Isaiah, xlv. 9.

‡ Isaiah, lv. 8, 9.

§ Essay, p. 244.

¶ Pp. vii, viii.

* Essay, pp. 243, 244.

back as our knowledge of our Sun extends, his has been a permanent condition of brightness; yet many of the Fixed Stars not only undergo changes, but periodical, and possibly progressive changes,—whence it may be inferred, perhaps, that they are not, generally, in the same permanent condition as our Sun. As to the evidence of their revolution on their axis, this has been inferred from their having periodical recurrences of fainter and brighter lustre, as if revolving orbs with one side darkened by spots. Of these, five only can be at present spoken of by astronomers* with precision. Nothing is more probable than that these periodical changes indicate the revolution of these stellar masses on their axis,—a universal law, apparently, of all the large compact masses of the Universe, but by no means inferring their being, or having accompanying planets, inhabited. The Sun's rotation is not shown, intelligibly, connected with its having near it the inhabited Earth. In the meantime, in so far as these stars are periodical, they are proved to be, not like, but *unlike* our Sun. The only real point of resemblance, then, is that of being self-luminous, in the highest degree ambiguous and inconclusive, and furnishing no argument entitled to be deemed one from analogy. Humboldt deems the force of analogy to tend even in the *opposite* direction.

"After all," he asks,† "is the assumption of satellites [attendant planets] to the Fixed Stars so absolutely necessary? If we were to begin from the outer planets, Jupiter, etc., analogy might seem to require that all planets have satellites; yet this is not so with Mars, Venus, Mercury," to which may now be added the thirty Planetoids,—making a much greater number of bodies that have not, than that have satellites. The assumption, then, that the Fixed Stars are of exactly the same nature as the Sun, was originally a bold guess; but there has not since been a vestige of any confirmatory fact,—no planet, nor anything fairly indicating the existence of one revolving round a fixed star, has ever hitherto been discerned. And the subsequent discovery of nebule, binary systems, clusters of stars, periodical stars,—of varied and accelerating periods of such stars,—all seem to point the other way; leaving, though possibly facts small in amount, the original assumption a mere guess, unsupported by all that three centuries of most diligent, and in other respects, successful research, have been able to bring to light. All the knowledge of times succeeding Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler, who might well believe the stars to be in every sense suns,—among other things, the disclosure of the his-

tory of our own planet, as one in which such grand changes have been constantly going on,—the certainty that in by far the greatest part of the duration of its existence it has been tenanted by creatures entirely different from those which give an interest, and thence a persuasiveness, to the belief of inhabitants in worlds appended to each star,—the impossibility of which appears, in the gravest consideration of transferring to other worlds such interests as belong to our race in this world,—all these considerations, it would seem, should have prevented that old and arbitrary conjecture from growing up, among a generation *professing philosophical caution and scientific discipline*, into a settled belief. Finally, it will be time enough to speculate about the inhabitants of the planets which belong to such systems, as soon as we shall have ascertained that there are such planets, or that there is one such.*

In the *Dialogue*, written after the first edition of the "Essay", had appeared, the Essayist greatly strengthened the position for which he had contended in it, by an important passage containing the results of the eminent astronomer, M. Struve's recent examination of double stars, and the result of his elaborate and comprehensive comparison of the whole body of facts in stellar astronomy. Among the brighter stars, he arrives at the conclusion, that *every FOURTH* such star is physically double; and that a completed knowledge of doubled stars may prove *every THIRD* bright star to be physically double! And in the case of stars of inferior magnitude, that the number of *insulated* stars, though indeed greater than that of such compound systems, is, nevertheless, only three times, perhaps only twice as great. Thus the loose evidence of resemblance between our Sun and the fixed stars, becomes feeble the more it is examined; and the assumption of stellar *planetary* systems appears, when closely scrutinized, to dwindle away to nothing.†

Now, to so much of the foregoing facts and speculations as are contained in the *Essay*, from which we have faithfully and carefully extracted the substance, in order that our readers may judge for themselves, Sir David Brewster answers, in effect, and generally in words, thus:—

The greatest and grandest truth in astronomy, is the motion of the solar system, advancing with all the planets and satellites in the heavens, at the rate of fifty-seven miles a second, round some distant invisible body, in an orbit of such inconceivable dimensions, that millions of years may be required for a single orbit. When we consider that this centre must be a sun, with attendant planets

* See them specified, p. 251.

† *Cosmos*, iii. 373.

* Ch. viii., *passim*.

† *Dialogue*, pp. 20—23.

like our own, revolving in like manner round our sun, [?] or round their common centre of gravity, the mind rejects, almost with indignation, the ignoble sentiment, that man is the only being performing this immeasurable journey—and that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, with their bright array of regal train-bearers, are but as colossal blocks of lifeless clay, encumbering the Earth as a drag, and mocking the creative majesty of Heaven. From the birth of man to the extinction of his race [!] the system to which he belongs, will have described but an infinitesimal arc in that grand cosmical orbit in which it is destined to move. This affords a new argument for the plurality of worlds. Since every fixed star must have planets, the fact of our system revolving round a similar system of planets, furnishes a new argument from analogy; for as there is at least one inhabited planet in the one system, there must for the same reason be one in the other, and consequently as many as there are systems in the Universe.* Thus our system is not absolutely fixed in space, but is connected with the other systems in the Universe.

The fixed Stars are suns of other systems, whose planets are invisible from their distance, as are ours from the nearest fixed star. Every single star shining by its own native light is the centre of a planetary system like our own—the lamp that lights, the stove that heats, and the power that guides in their orbits, inhabited worlds, like our own. Many are double, with a system of planets round each, or the centre of gravity of both. No one can believe, that two suns would be placed in the heavens, for no other purpose than to revolve round their common centre of gravity. It is “highly probable,” that our Sun is one of a binary system, and has at present an unseen partner; and we are “entitled to conclude” that all the other binary systems have at least an inhabited planet: wherever there is a self-luminous fixed or movable Sun, there must be a planetary system; and wherever there is a planetary system, there must be life and intelligence.†

Apart from the assertion of his cardinal principle with which we are familiar, namely, that since our Sun has an inhabited planet, all others must; and also, that all planets must be inhabited;—the argumentative value of these two chapters seems to lie in this, that they annihilate on the Essayist's points of *unlikeliness* between our Sun and other Fixed Stars, inasmuch as it, together with so many of them, is one of a binary system; wherefore what is true of it, is true of them, *et vice versa*. He bases his proposition, viz., that our Sun is

one of a binary system, on “high probability,” from “the motion of our own system round a distant centre.”* The great truth of this motion, he says the Essayist “has completely misrepresented, foreseeing its influence on the mind as an argument for more worlds than one.”† What the Essayist had said on the subject, was this:‡ He speaks of “the attempt to show, that the Sun, carrying with it the whole solar system, is in motion; and the further attempt to show the direction of that motion;—and again, the hypothesis that the Sun, itself, revolves round some distant object in space.” These minute inquiries and bold conjectures, he says, “cannot throw any light on the question, whether any part besides the earth be inhabited: any more than the investigation of the movements of the ocean and their laws, can prove or disprove the existence of marine plants and animals.—They do not, on that account, cease to be important and interesting objects of speculation, but they do not belong to our subject.” As to the Sun's motion, we are bound to say, that the Astronomer Royal has recently declared, that “every astronomer, who has examined the matter carefully, has come to the conclusion of Sir William Herschell, that the whole solar system is moving towards a point in the constellation Hercules.”§ Before quitting this part of the subject, we may state that the Essayist, in his second Preface,|| points out the insecure character of astronomical calculations, as to the amount of absolute light ascribed to some of the fixed stars. It has been estimated that the illuminating power of *Alpha Centauri* is nearly double that of the sun, placed at that distance, which is two hundred thousand times as far off as is the Sun; but Sir John Herschell will not concur in more of the calculation than attributes to the star the emission of *more* light than our Sun.—Surely the critical and precarious character of such calculations should not be lost sight of by candid inquirers, but incline them to scan somewhat closely any pretensions tinctured by astronomic dogmatism.

One immense step more, however—and it is our last, brings to “the outskirts of creation,” as the Essayist calls it—the *Nebula*: and here we find him once more confronted by his indefatigable and implacable opponent. We must therefore take our biggest and best mental telescope to behold these two Specks intellectual, so far off in infinitude, wrangling about a faint cloud vastly further off than themselves. Do you see how angry one of them looks, and how provokingly stolid the other? 'Tis all about the nature of that same

* More Worlds than One, p. 164.

† Ibid., pp. 119.

‡ Essay, p. 257.

§ Lect. on Astron., 2d. edit. (1849).

|| Pp. ix, x.

* More Worlds than One, ch. vi., passim.

† Ibid., ch. viii., passim.

cloud, or Nebula; and if we could only hear what they said, we might catch a chord or two of the music of the spheres! The Essayist is required, by his brother speck, to believe, that the faintly-luminous patch at which they are gazing—a thousandth part of the visible breadth of our Sun—contains in it more life than exists in as many such systems as the unassisted eye can see stars in the heavens, on the clearest winter night:—a view of the greatness of creation so stupendous, that the astounded speck, the Essayist, asks for a moment's time to consider the matter.

"We are entitled to draw the conclusion," says the other, "that these *Nebulae* are clusters of stars, at such an immense distance from our own system, that each star of which they are composed is the sun or centre of a system of planets; and that these planets are inhabited—like our Earth, the seat of vegetable, animal, and intellectual life:"* that all the *Nebulae* are resolvable into stars; and appear as *Nebulae* only because they are more distant than the region in which they can appear as stars.† The conclusion, however, at which the Essayist arrives, after an elaborate examination of evidence, and especially of the latest discoveries in this dim and distant region by Sir John Herschell and the Earl of Rosse, is—that "*Nebulae* are vast masses of incoherent or gaseous matter, of immense tenuity, diffused in forms more or less irregular, but all of them destitute of any regular system of solid moving bodies. . . . So far, then," he concludes, "as these *Nebulae* are concerned, the improbability of their being inhabited appears to amount to the highest point that can be conceived. We may, by the indulgence of fancy, people the summer clouds, or the beams of the aurora borealis, with living beings of the same kind of substance as those bright appearances themselves; and in doing so, we are not making any bolder assertion than when we stock the *Nebulae* with inhabitants, and call them, in that sense, inhabited worlds."‡ The Essayist contends that the argument for the vastness of the scheme of the Universe, suggested by the resolution of the *Nebulae*, is found to be untenable:—inasmuch as the greatest astronomers now agree in believing *Nebulae* to have *distances of the same order* as Fixed Stars. Their filmy appearance is a true indication of a highly attenuated substance: so attenuated as to destroy all probability of their being inhabited worlds. With this opinion as to the tenuity of *Nebulae* agrees the absence of all *observed* motion among their parts; while the extraordinary spiral arrangement of many of them, prove that nevertheless many of them really *have* motion,

and suggest modes of calculating their tenuity, and showing how extreme it is. "It is probable," said Lord Rosse, in a paper which we ourselves heard him read not long ago, from the chair of the Royal Society, "that in the Nebular systems, motion exists. If we see a system with a distinct spiral arrangement, all analogy leads us to conclude that there has been motion; and that if there has been motion, that motion still continues." . . . "Among the *Nebulae*," he says, "there are vast numbers much too faint to be sketched or measured with any prospect of advantage: the most powerful instruments we possess showing in them nothing of an organized structure, but merely a confused mass of nebulousity, of varying brightness."* The Essayist makes powerful use, moreover, of Sir John Herschell's celebrated observation of the Magellanic Clouds, lying near the South Pole; exhibiting the coexistence, in a limited compass, and in indiscriminate position, of stars, clusters of stars, *nebulae* regular and irregular, and nebular streaks and patches, things different not merely to us, but in themselves: *nebulae*, side by side with stars and clusters of stars; nebulous matter resolvable close to nebulous matter irresolvable;—the last and widest step by which the dimensions of the Universe have been expanded, in the notions of eager speculators, being checked by a completer knowledge, and a sager spirit of speculation.† In discussing such matters as these, he finally observes—"It is difficult to make men feel that so much ignorance can lie close to so much knowledge; to make them believe that they have been allowed to discover so much, and yet are not allowed to discover more."‡

In alluding to the *Nebulae*, as subjects of our most powerful telescopic observation, the Essayist speaks in a tone of sarcasm concerning the "*shining dots*,"—the "*lumps of light*" which are rendered apparent amidst them: asking, what are these lumps? (1.) How large? (2.) At what distances? (3.) Of what structure? (4.) Of what use?—adding, he must be a bold man who undertakes to answer the question, that each is a Sun, with attendant systems of planets. Sir David, exceedingly irate, says, "We accept the challenge, and appeal to our readers:—"(1.) The size of the dot, or lump, is large enough to be a Sun. (2.) He cannot answer this, for want of knowing 'the apparent distance between the centres of the dots.' (3.) Like our Sun—'It will consist of a luminous envelope, enclosing a dark nucleus.' (4.) Of no conceivable use, but to give light to planets, or to the solid *nuclei* of which they consist." In his turn, he asks the Essayist—what is the size, distance, structure, and use of the dots, upon his hypo-

* More Worlds than One, p. 176.

† Essay, p. 211.

‡ Essay, pp. 235, 236.

* Dial., p. 18.

† Ibid., p. 216.

‡ Essay, p. 214.

thesis? The Essayist, he observes, is silent;* but in his Essay, he had said, distinctly enough. "Let us not wrangle about words. By all means let these dots be stars, if we know about what we are speaking; if a star mean, merely, a luminous dot in the sky. But that these stars shall resemble, in their nature, Stars of the first magnitude, and that such stars shall resemble Our Sun, are surely very bold structures of assumption, to build on such a basis. Some nebulae are resolvable into distinct points: but what would it amount to? That the substance of all nebulae is not continuous; separate, and separable into distinct luminous elements:—nebulae are, it would then seem, as it were of a curdled or granulated texture; they have run into *lumps* of light, or been formed originally of such lumps." And then follow some very ingenious and refined speculations, into which we have not space to enter; and indeed we may be well content with what we have done, having travelled from a tolerable depth in the crust of our own little planet, past planet after planet, star after star, till we reached the nebulous "outskirts of creation;" accompanied by two Mentors of Infinity,—whispering into our ear—one, that life, animal, intellectual, moral, was swarming around us at everstep; the other, that that life ceased with our own Earth, as far as we were able to detect its existence, and giving us very solemn and mysterious reasons why it should be so.

Our Essayist, however, is not exhausted by the efforts he has made in his destructive career. If he be a "proud setter down" of cosmological systems, he determines, in turn, to be a "putter up;" and so presents us with his own *Theory of the Solar System*; and an explanation of the mode in which all appearances in the Universe beyond may be reconciled with it. "It may serve" he says, "to confirm his argument, if he give a description of the system which shall continue and connect his views of the constitution and peculiarities as to physical circumstances of each of the planets. It will help us in our speculation, if we can regard the planets as not only a collection, but a scheme;—if we can give not an Enunciation only, but a Theory. Now, such a SCHEME, such a THEORY appears to offer itself to us."† The scope of this scheme, or theory, is, as we some time ago saw, to make our earth, in point of astronomical fact and reality, the largest Planetary Body in the solar system; its domestic hearth; the only part of the frame revolving round the Sun which has become a "WORLD." We must, however, make short work of it.

The planets exterior to Mars—especially

Jupiter and Saturn—appear spheres of water, or aqueous vapor. The Earth has a considerable atmosphere of air and of vapor; while on Venus or Mercury—so close to the sun—we see nothing of a gaseous or aqueous atmosphere; they and Mars differing little in density from the earth.

THE EARTH'S ORBIT, according to the Essayist's theory, IS THE TEMPERATE ZONE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, where only the play of hot and cold, moist and dry, is possible. Water and gases, clouds and vapors, form, mainly, the planets in the outer part of the solar system; while masses, such as result from the fusion of the most solid materials, lie nearer the Sun, and are found principally within the orbit of Jupiter. After a further exposition of his "theory," the Essayist observes that it agrees with the nebular hypothesis, SO FAR as it applies to the *Solar System*; exactly, and very sternly, repudiating that hypothesis as it applies to the Universe in general.* "If we allow ourselves," says he, "to speculate at all on physical grounds respecting the origin of the Earth, the hypothesis, that it has passed through a fluid and a gaseous condition, does not appear more extravagant than any other cosmogonical hypothesis: not even if we suppose that the other bodies of the Solar System have shared in the like changes. But, that all the stars and the nebulae have gone, or are going through, a series of changes such as those by which the Solar System has been formed,—the nebular hypothesis, as it applies to the *Universe* in general, is precisely the doctrine which I here reject, giving my reasons."†

The whole of the Chapter devoted to "the Theory of the Solar System," is distinguished by remarkable ingenuity and originality. It is, however, that entitled *the Argument from Design*, which independently of all connection with the speculations of the author as already laid before our readers, is worthiest of consideration, by all interested in Natural Theology. It touches many topics which must have occupied the profoundest thoughts of mankind, and touches them with the utmost caution and delicacy. In the 34th Section will be found a passage of singular boldness and imaginative eloquence; but liable, in our opinion, to serious misconception, and susceptible of misrepresentation—by those, at least, who are either unable, or indisposed, to weigh the entire chapter, and ascertain its real value and tendency. Some expressions have startled us not a little, when reflecting that they relate to the possible mode of action of Omniscent Omnipotence; and we shall be gratified by seeing them vindicated or explained in the next edition of his "Essay."

* More Worlds than One, p. 215.

† Essay, p. 298.

* More Worlds than One, p. 815, and note.

† Ibid., p. 315.

Each of our speculators closes his book with a chapter devoted to "the Future." The ideas of Sir David concerning the duration of the human race upon the earth (which Inspiration tells us is so awfully uncertain, and will be cut short suddenly—in a moment—in *the twinkling of an eye*), seem to be curiously definite; for we have seen that in his sixth chapter he states that "from the birth of man to the extinction of his race, the Solar System to which he belongs will have described but an infinitesimal arc in that grand cosmical orbit in which it is destined to move." Without pausing to ask who told him this, let us intimate, that in his final chapter he says that the scientific truths on which depends the plurality of worlds are intimately associated with the future destiny of man: he turns to the future of the sidereal systems, as the hallowed spots in which is to be spent his immortal existence. Scripture has not spoken articulately of the future locality of the blest; but Reason has combined the scattered utterances of Inspiration, and with an almost oracular voice declared that the Maker of the worlds will place in *these* the beings of his choice. In what region, reason does not determine; but it is *impossible* for man, with the light of Revelation as his guide, to doubt for a moment that on the celestial spheres his future is to be spent in lofty inquiries; social intercourse; the renewal of domestic ties; and in the service of his Almighty benefactor. The Christian's future, not defined in his creed, enwrap in apocalyptic mysteries, evades his grasp: it is only Astronomy that opens the mysterious expanse of the Universe to his eye, and creates an intelligible paradise in the world to come: wherefore, says Sir David, we must impregnate the popular mind with the truths of natural science; teaching them in every school, and recommending, if not illustrating, them from every pulpit: fixing in the minds and associating in the affections, alike of age and youth, the great truths in the planetary and sidereal universe, on which the doctrine of More Worlds than One must respectively rest—the philosopher scanning with a new sense the sphere in which he is to study; and the Christian the temples in which he is to worship. Such, in his own words, is Sir David Brewster's final and authoritative exposition of the CREED of the philosopher, and the HOPE of the Christian:—of such a nature are to be the *new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness*; and such, henceforth, as he has indicated, becomes the duty of the Christian teacher in the Family, in the School, in the Pulpit! So absolutely and irrefragably, it seems, are demonstrated the stupendous facts of astronomical science on which this Creed and this Faith depend: so unerring are our telescopes and other instruments, that he who

does not receive this "Creed" is no philosopher, nor he who rejects, the "Hope" a Christian. But, in the meantime, how inconceivably embarrassing to such a philosopher, and to such a Christian, is the possibility that many, or a few years hence, such immense improvements may be made in telescopes, or in other modes of acquiring a knowledge of the celestial structures, as to demonstrate to the sense, as well as reason, of us impatient and presumptuous tenants of the earth, that the planets are *not* inhabited! that the fixed stars are not suns, and have not a planet a-piece—no, not even a solitary planet among them! Thus rendering our astounded and dismayed philosopher homeless and creedless, and the Christian helpless and hopeless:—the former one of those who *professing themselves to be wise become fools*;* the latter, *likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand*†.

The "Future" of the Essayist is of a different kind, and adumbrated with becoming humility and diffidence. "I did not," he says, "venture further than to intimate, that when we are taught, that *as we have borne the image of the Earthly, we shall also bear the image of the Heavenly*, we may find, in even natural science, reasons for opening our minds to the reception of the cheering and elevating announcement."<‡

We have now placed before our readers the substance of the arguments for and against a plurality of worlds, so far as developed in the essays of Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster. The former is a work so replete with subtle thought, bold speculation, and knowledge of almost every kind, used with extraordinary force and dexterity, as to challenge the patient and watchful attention of the most thoughtful reader; and that whether he be, or be not, versed in astronomical speculations. Great as are the power and resources of the author, we detect no trace of dogmatism or arrogance, but, on the contrary, a true spirit of fearless, but patient and candid, inquiry. It is a mighty problem of which he proposes a solution, and he does no more than propose it: in his Preface declaring that, to himself at least, his arguments "appear to be of no small philosophical force, though he is quite ready to weigh carefully and candidly any answer which may be offered to them."

We feel grateful to the accomplished Essayist for the storehouse of authentic facts, and the novel combination of inferences from them, with which he has presented us; and we are not aware that he has given us just reason to regret confiding in his correctness or candor. And in travelling with him through his vast and checkered course, we feel that we have

* Romans, i. 22.

† Matthew, vii. 26.

‡ Dialogue, p. 74.

accompanied not only the philosopher and the divine, but the gentleman: one who, while manifestly knowing what is due to himself, as manifestly respects his intelligent reader. In several of his astronomical assumptions and inferences we may be unable to concur, particularly in respect of the nebulous stars. We may also well falter at expressing a decisive "Aye" or "No," to the great question proposed by him for discussion, on scientific grounds, and independently of Scriptural Revelation; yet we acknowledge that he has sensibly shaken our opinion as to the validity of the reasons usually assigned for believing in a plurality of worlds. He remorselessly ties us down to EVIDENCE, as he ought to do; and all the more rigorously, because the affirmative conclusion, at which many heedless persons are disposed to jump, is one which, if well founded, occasions religious difficulties of a grave character among the profoundest and perhaps even devoutest thinkers. To suppose that Omnipotence may not have peopled already, or contemplate a future peopling of the starry spheres with intelligent beings, of as different a kind and order as it is possible for our limited faculties to conceive, yet in some way involved in physical conditions, altogether inexplicable to us, would be the acme of impious presumption. When we look at Sirius, in his solitary splendor in the midnight sky, pouring forth *possibly* fifty times the light and heat of our sun, upon a prodigiously greater planetary system than our own, it is natural to conjecture whether, among many other *possibilities*, it may be the seat of intelligence, perhaps of a transcendent character. Here the imagination may disport itself as it pleases: yet we shall feel ourselves compelled—those who can *think* about the matter—to own, that our imaginations are, as it were, "cabinéd, cribbéd, confiné," by the objects and associations to which we are at present restricted; and as the late eminent Prussian astronomer, Bessel, observed, those who imagine inhabitants in the moon and planets, "supposed them, in spite of all their protestations, as like to *men*, as one egg to another." But when we proceed further, and insist on likening these supposed inhabitants to ourselves, intellectually and morally, then it is that both philosophy and religion concur in rebuking us, and enjoining a reverent diffidence. We have probably read as much on these subjects as many of our readers, and that with deep interest and attention; but we never met with so cogent a demonstration as is contained in this Essay, of the theological difficulties besetting the popular doctrine of a plurality of worlds. Had God vouchsafed to tell us that it was so, there would have been an end of the matter, and with it all difficulty would have disappeared, to one whose whole life, as the Christian's ought to be, is one continued

act of faith; but God has thought fit to preserve an awful silence concerning his dealings with other scenes of physical existence: while He has as distinctly revealed that of spiritual beings whose functions are vitally connected with man, as he exists upon the earth, the subject of a sublime economy, which, we are assured by Inspiration, that *the angels desire to look into*. The Christian implicitly believes that there is a HEAVEN, where the presence of the adorable Deity constitutes happiness, to the most exalted of His ministers and servants, perfect and ineffable: happiness in which He has solemnly assured us that we may hereafter participate: *for since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him.**

This, our Maker has told us: he has not told us the other, nor anything about it: no, not when He visited the earth, unless we can dimly see such a significance in the words, "In my Father's house (*oikia*) are many mansions (*monai*): if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place (*topos*) for you." The word *monai* is used twice in the New Testament, and in the same chapter† in the verse already quoted, and in the 23d—"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode (*monai*) with him." Here are the three words in the same verse, *oikia, monai, topos*. In my Father's house there are *monai* πολλὰι, many places of abode. Heaven is the *oikia*, our common place, and it has many subdivisions, room enough for angels, as well as for the spirits of just men made perfect. It is possibly an allusion to the temple, God's earthly house, which had many chambers in it. But who shall require us to believe that this *monai*, was a star, or planet? It may be so, it may not; there can be no sin in a devout mind conjecturing on the subject; but the Essayist does not meddle with these solemn topics: confining himself to the physical reasons for conjecturing, with more or less probability, that the stars are habitations for human beings. We take our leave of him with a quotation from his Dialogue, couched in grave and dignified terms:—

U. But your arguments are merely negative. You prove only that we do not know the planets to be inhabited.

Z. If, when I have proved that point, men were to cease to talk as if they knew that the planets *are* inhabited, I should have produced a great effect.

U. Your basis is too narrow for so vast a su-

* Isaiah, lxi. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 9.

† John, xiv. 2, 23.

perstructure, so that all the rest of the universe, besides the earth, is uninhabited.

Z. Perhaps; for my philosophical basis is only the earth—the only known habitation. But on this same narrow basis, the earth, you build up a superstructure that other bodies ARE inhabited. What I do is, to show that each part of your structure is void of tenacity, and cannot stand.

It is probable that when we have reduced to their real value all the presumptions drawn from physical reasoning, for the opinions of planets and stars being either inhabited or uninhabited, the face of these will be perceived to be so small that the belief of all thoughtful persons on this subject will be determined by moral, metaphysical, and theological consideration.*

"More Worlds than One," will not, we are constrained to say, in our opinion, add to the well-earned reputation of Sir David Brewster. It is a hasty and slight performance, entirely of a popular character, and disfigured throughout, not only by an overweening confidence and peremptoriness of assertion, but by tinges of personality and outbursts of heat that are indeed strange disturbing forces in a philosophical discussion. Dr. Whewell's Essay is a work requiring, in a worthy answer, great consideration; and we do not think that "More Worlds than One" evidences a tithe of such consideration. Nor does Sir David show a proper respect for his opponent; nor has he taken a proper measure of his formidable proportions as a logical and scientific disputant, one who should be answered in a cold and exact spirit; or it were much better to leave him alone. Sir David must forgive us, if we quote a sentence or two from devout old John Wesley,—a man who had several points of greatness in him:—

Be not so positive, especially with regard to things which are neither easy nor necessary to be determined. When I was young, I was sure of everything. In a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as before. At present, I am hardly sure of anything, but what God has revealed to me! . . . Upon the whole, an ingenious man may easily flourish on this head.

* Dialogue, p. 42.

How much more glorious is it for the great God to have created innumerable worlds than this little globe only! . . . Do you ask, then, what is This Spot to the great God? Why, as much as millions of systems. Great and little have place with regard to us; but before Him they vanish away!*

Fontenelle has much to answer for, if we may judge from what has been said concerning the extent and nature of the influence he has exercised on thoughtless minds. That flippant but brilliant trifler, Horace Walpole, for instance, declared that the reading Fontenelle had made him a sceptic! He maintained, on the supposition of a plurality of worlds, the impossibility of any revelation! That the reception of this opinion was sufficient, with him, to destroy the credibility of all revelation!† This ground he has, if this report be true, the honor of occupying with Thomas Paine.

Let us, however, think and speak and act differently, remembering fearfully, how often the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. Is it, indeed, consistent with even mere worldly wisdom, on the ground of an assumption with regard to inhabited planets, to reject a belief founded on direct and positive proofs, such as is the belief in the truths of Natural and Revealed religion?

"Newton," says Dr. Chalmers, in his discourse on the Modesty of True Science, "knew the boundary which hemmed him. He knew that he had not thrown one particle of light on the moral or religious history of these planetary regions. He had not ascertained what visits of communication they received from the God who upholds them. But he knew that the fact of a Real Visit to this PLANET had such evidence to rest upon that it was not to be disposed by any aerial imagination." Let this noble and devout spirit be in us: both Faith and Reason assuring us, that we stand, in Scriptural Truth, safe and immovable, like a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:‡

* Wisdom of God in the Worlds of Creation, vol. iii. p. 285.

† Monthly Magazine, A.D. 1798—art, "Walpoleana."

‡ Matthew, vii. 24.

THE STAR SQUABBLE.

(AT PRESENT AGITATING ASTROLOGICAL AND THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.)

SAYS Brewster to Whewell, lets fight a star duel
Though you're very cruel to raise such a strife.
What! Nature make worlds for mere lanterns,
or fuel?

I tell you all planets are swarming with life.

SAYS Whewell to Brewster, you old Cock or Rooster,

Why will you anew stir the question with me?
Excepting our planet, Creation's whole cluster
'S as empty as you and your volume, Sir D.

SAYS Brewster to Whewell, you've just got your gruel,

So, Mr. Professor, you'd best sleep upon it.
SAYS Whewell to David, go get your head shaved.

Unless you're afraid of the bees in your bonnet.

Punch.

ENGLISH CALL ON FRANCE.

[FROM THE TIMES OF 25 NOV.]

WE have felt it our duty to urge emphatically upon our own Government and on our own country the absolute necessity of raising whatever force we can for the purpose of recruiting our army in the Crimea, and converting our present anxiety into speedy and glorious success. But we must not forget that we are not alone in this matter—that we have gallant and faithful allies, whose blood has been mingled with our own on the glorious battle-fields of Alma and Inkermann, whose danger is our danger, and whose safety our safety. Whatever support the English Government can send to its army is also a support to France, and in the degree in which the forces of the French are augmented the chance of preserving our own troops is proportionately increased. We make no apology, therefore, for employing towards the Government of our faithful and valliant ally the same tone of earnest entreaty which we have not scrupled to use towards our own. We have common dangers and common interests, and, when speaking of the future management of the war, are assuredly dealing with a topic in which we are most nearly and intimately concerned.

If England be not a military nation France may pre-eminently vindicate to herself the title of a people of soldiers. The long catalogue of her victories goes back to the middle ages, and identifies her with all the most brilliant achievements of modern warfare. Nay, her generals may be said to have created the modern art of war itself, and the generation has not passed away which saw her victorious standards planted on the ramparts of every capital of the continent of Europe. Nor do the present military establishments of France degenerate from the renown she has won in so many brilliant encounters. She has probably at this moment within her boundaries three hundred thousand men, completely disciplined, admirably organized, supplied with every requisite for immediate service, animated with the most glowing enthusiasm, and commanded by officers trained to the highest excellence amid the burning sands and savage tribes of Africa. When we have done all it is possible for us to do, we can do nothing in comparison with the power accumulated ready to the hand of our great ally. To send out thirty thousand fresh men to succor our exhausted and beleagured army appears to us an effort beyond the reach of possibility, while the Emperor of the FRENCH has only to will it, and three times that number are ready at a week's notice to carry his standards into the heart of the Russian empire. Had the gallant charge which decided the Battle of Inkermann been aided by only ten thousand of those

men who are awaiting the signal to march in the camps of the North and of the South, or had they been there to second the energetic attack which followed the repulse of the Russian sortie, instead of a barren and bloody victory we might have had to rejoice over a day of signal and unlooked-for success.

France has undoubtedly the power, if she do but put forth her strength, in the course of a single month to restore to the allies the superiority of numbers in the Crimea, and to divert any future reinforcement from the banks of the Danube to those of the Tchernaya, and she is urged to do so by motives even stronger than those whose thrill is felt in every English heart. She has the memories of former triumphs to excite her emulation; she has to show that the soldiers of the second empire are worthy descendants of the conquerors of Austerlitz and Friedland, and to avenge in a better cause, and on an equally conspicuous stage, the misfortunes of 1812. That same Russia whose troops, when in alliance with all the rest of Europe, she routed in so many bloody battles, from Zurich to Borodino, now boasts herself to be strong enough, not merely to resist France alone, but France in strict and binding alliance with England. The present Emperor of FRANCE, though to his honor he has ever shown himself desirous of peace, is, nevertheless, the depositary of the traditions and glories of the Empire, and can never hope to establish a throne on any other condition than that of maintaining untarnished the lustre of the arms of France and the freshness of her warlike renown. France has shown herself tolerant of and even anxious for peace, but she will not bear with patience the disasters of war, unless she be convinced that all that human prudence and energy can do has been exhausted to avert them. The Emperor of the FRENCH has an infinitely larger force than we, and has that force infinitely more at his disposal. In proportion to his greater means and greater powers is his greater responsibility. He is even more deeply interested in the result than we, inasmuch as his army in the Crimea is more numerous than ours. He must feel, as we do, that he is engaged in a duel to the death with a powerful adversary, from which there is no flinching or drawing back. Either the gallant French army now encamped before Sebastopol must perish to a man,—for our enemies no longer offer us the option between death and captivity,—or it must be reinforced to an extent which will render it able to resume the offensive, not only against the broken and dispirited troops of the 5th of November, but against whatever masses the despair of an absolute Government, all powerful over the lives of its subjects, may precipitate upon the allied armies. With our present numbers retreat

and victory are alike impossible. We sincerely hope, then, that the French Government, which has acted throughout these transactions with so much firmness, prudence, and good faith, will see the necessity of limiting its despatch of soldiers to the East by nothing except its means of transport. In this instance nothing can be more wasteful than a niggard expenditure of life and money. If we venture little, we shall lose all; if we venture boldly, we have every hope to win all. Let a hundred thousand French and fifty thousand English stand before Sebastopol, and where is the force that will strive for a moment to hold such an army in check! We should hear no more of surprises and investments, of successes relinquished because we are not strong enough to grasp them, and victories left half accomplished because we have not numbers to pursue them to their legitimate result. As citizens of England, as allies of France, we feel still more ashamed than dismayed at the position our united forces occupy. It is not for us to sue Russia *in forma pauperis*. Immeasurably superior to her in wealth, in civilization, in intelligence — nay, more considerable in her own peculiar element of numerical strength — we must not exhibit ourselves to the world as having raised the Devil we cannot lay, and provoked a Power with which we are unequal to cope. We ought to carry into the battlefield that superiority which we have so long maintained in the arts of peace and war and exercised in the councils of mankind. Neither France nor England meant to expose their soldiers to unequal combats, or to treat their army as a forlorn hope, to be sacrificed in order to bridge over with their bodies the path to future victory. To us these considerations apply, though we never presumed to consider our army a match for the embattled myriads of the Emperor of RUSSIA; but France claims, and with justice, to be the first military Power in Europe, and is trifling with her glory and her *prestige* if she does not assert that claim by signal and successful efforts. Both nations find themselves in an unforeseen and new position, and they will do wisely to adapt themselves to it. We have been awakened from a dream of easy victory by a resistance surpassing in obstinacy anything that history records, and a sudden concentration of force which has compelled us to owe our preservation, not to the results of sober and calculated action, but to prodigies of romantic and desperate valor. This must not be again. Great empires should not make war upon a nation occupying one-sixth of the habitable globe, if they are not prepared to support armies capable not merely of defending their intrenchments, but of meeting and encountering successfully every force that may take the field against them. Even France

and England cannot command success, but, if they are to meet with reverses, let them be the result of superior skill, courage, or fortune in their enemies, and not of a niggardly policy, which undertakes great enterprises with small resources, sacrifices results in order to economize means, and, at once lavish and parsimonious, devotes one portion of its army to destruction in order to maintain the remainder in idleness.

From The Times, 25 Nov.

RUSSIA IN AMERICA AND CHINA.

It conveys an impressive idea of the contest in which this country and France are now engaged to reflect, that we are pursuing the ships and destroying the towns of our antagonist far beyond the limits of the civilized world, and that the Russian power even in the wilds of Kamtschatka is exposed to be challenged in this war. On the other hand, it is no less remarkable that the resources of the Russian empire appear to be equal to its extent, and that in the most remote solitudes to which our seamen have penetrated, such as Kola, in Lapland, and Petropaulovsky, in Kamtschatka, we have encountered troops and batteries well supplied with all the means of defence and all the necessary stores of munition and arms. Petropaulovsky is a settlement on that rugged peninsula which projects into the seas of Northern Asia beyond the longitude of Japan. It is a station for whalers and for the traffic of the Russian fur trade on the confines of Asia and America; but the distance and obscurity of such a position might well have preserved it from attack if it had not acquired a temporary interest as the place of refuge of the Russian squadron in the Pacific. It was known on the outbreak of hostilities that the Russians had three or four ships-of-war in the Eastern Seas, which might do great injury to our commerce in the Chinese and Australian trade if they were not closely watched. For this reason the British squadron in the Pacific was reinforced by the Pique, and Admiral DAVID PRICE, an officer in whose energy and experience great confidence was placed, took the command on that station. Two Russian ships, the Aurora and the Dwina, were known to be vessels of war well found and manned, for one of them had taken advantage of the hospitality of this country just before the rupture to repair her defects in Portsmouth Dockyard. It became therefore the duty of the French and English vessels on the station to co-operate in the pursuit of these ships, to capture them if possible, and, if not, to render them unfit for ulterior service. With this view the Amphitrite was despatched to watch their course

after they effected their escape from Honolulu, and to take measures for bringing the whole squadron within reach of their guns. It was at length discovered that the *Aurora* and the *Dwina* had succeeded in finding a refuge in the Russian harbor of Petropaulovsky, in Kamtschatka, while the *Pallas*, another Russian frigate, lay at the mouth of the Chinese river Amoor, to the south of the Gulf of Okhotsk. Leaving the Sandwich Islands on the 25th of July, the allied squadrons, consisting of two English and two French frigates, besides a steamer and a corvette, sailed to the north-west. Admiral PRICE's flagship was the *President*, a fine 50-gun frigate, supported by the *Pique*, and the six vessels carried in all nearly 200 guns and 2,000 men. On arriving off the Bay of Avatscha, in which the settlement of St. Peter and St. Paul stands, on the 28th of August, Admiral PRICE went in on board the *Virago* to reconnoitre the place. He approached within long range of the batteries, and found that the Russian ships of war were laid up within the harbor, defended by four external batteries of no great strength. Fort Schakoff, however, mounted five large guns, and was flanked by two batteries of 12 36-pounders.

Upon this reconnoissance it was decided that an attack should be made on the 30th of August; the ships were cleared for action, and went into the harbor, and the bombardment had just commenced, when an incident of a most singular nature suspended the attack. Admiral PRICE, at the commencement of the action, is stated to have gone into his cabin and shot himself with a pistol through the heart, his mind having apparently given way under the responsibility of his position. Few officers in the British navy saw more service from 1801 to 1815 than the late Admiral, or more ably discharged their duty to the country. He served in both the expeditions to Copenhagen, in Sir SAMUEL HOOD's squadron, and in the last American war with great distinction, and his recent appointment to the command of the Pacific squadron was justly approved, as an appointment conferred on merit alone. The lamentable and unforeseen incident which ended his career at so critical a moment must therefore be regarded as the result of some infirmity or sudden visitation beyond all human control. Upon this occurrence, Captain Sir F. NICOLSON, of the *Pique*, became the senior officer of the British ships there present, and the French Admiral DES SOUTES assumed the command of the allied squadron. The attack, however, was suspended until the following day.

On the 31st of August the bombardment of the batteries and the ships began in earnest, and the fire on both sides was kept up with great animation. It does not appear, however,

that the ships approached nearer than eight cables' length from the batteries, and, although the Russian guns were silenced for a time, the works were repaired in the night. The *Aurora* frigate opened a heavy fire from behind the tongue of land which partly concealed her from our ships, but she received in return considerable damage from the squadron. The result of the day was, however, less decisive than had been anticipated, probably because the ships were not brought in close enough to effect the destruction of the works. In consequence of this imperfect success, it was resolved on the 4th of September to attempt a combined attack by land and by sea, which unhappily cost the squadron many valuable lives, with no proportionate result. A force of 700 seamen of the two nations and 160 Marines were landed from the *Pique* and the French corvette *Eurydice*, being nearly half the entire strength of the united crews. The party was led by M. DE LA GRANDIERE, Captain BURRIDGE, of the *President*, and Captain PARKER, of the *Marines*. They succeeded in reaching the battery which they were to take in the rear, but they found it abandoned and the guns already spiked. Meanwhile the enemy lay in wait for our troops in a thick jungle or "chaparral," into which they appear to have been led by the treachery of an American guide. Here a most unequal combat ensued between the Russian sharpshooters in close ambuscade and our brave Seaman and Marines. Captain PARKER was one of the first who fell, and two French officers were killed by his side, while the whole loss of the landing party exceeded 100 killed and wounded. The ships meanwhile renewed the attack, but without much success, as so large a proportion of the crews were on shore. One or two Russian transports were soon afterwards captured by the *President*, but it must be admitted that the attack on Petropaulovsky and the Russian frigates was not so successful as it ought to have been; perhaps because our forces were not prepared to meet so strenuous and well-organized a resistance on so remote a point of the Russian empire. It is, however, of some importance to know that the Russians have succeeded in establishing maritime stations of this strength both on the promontory of Kamtschatka and at the mouth of the Chinese river Amoor; for these positions might, if unmolested, enable them hereafter to harass our trade in the Eastern seas, and to open a direct communication between the Russian territories in Asia and the Western States of the American Union. The expedition commenced by Admiral PRICE was, therefore, not ill conceived, and if it be repeated with a more complete force, we trust it will be more successful.

From the Athenæum.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected.
By Mrs. Jameson. With Illustrations and Etchings. Longman & Co.

THE graceful and highly-finished writer of the 'Characteristics of Women' mentions in the Preface to this book, that out of the gradual accumulations of notes, which it has been her habit to make, more than one of her works has taken form, if not been originally suggested;—and that the collection now put forth by her is, in some degree, the residuary matter of what had found its way into her note-books and which she feels unwilling to throw away. Nevertheless, miscellaneous as is the character of these passages, they can be grouped in two divisions,—the one devoted to 'Ethics and Character,' the other to 'Literature and Art.' Little more than such an announcement is required by way of criticism on this 'Commonplace Book' as a whole; since Mrs. Jameson's value in authorship has not now to be adjudged; and she is one who respects herself in respecting her public:—one who never slights the labor in hand, nor does less than her best.

In some paragraphs, Mrs. Jameson registers her dissent against, or reply to, what "Carlyle" has said (not written) on this or the other question. We must stop to ask if this be fair and modest? Is conversation so squared and methodized a relaxation that it may—that it *should*—be preached from in print? It is now-a-days sufficiently hard for simple folk to feel unconstrained and natural in society; so systematically is society worked for the purposes of gain and advancement. The pre-occupied author who—betwixt the first and the second courses—drops a hint of what his fifth act or his third volume may be, runs no visionary risk of finding his tragedy or his tale forestalled by some nimble hearer, dining out "in search of situations." Poor statesmen at *soirées* are wedged up into corners that the screw of curiosity may be put on them—regarding their views on any given question, crisis, or combination—since *Boswell's* are "out," who keep ponderous diaries of such dialogues (the power of checking which of course, does not exist), and who put down all that the screwed statesman has yielded up, under these terrible circumstances, to be copied, read, and circulated.—If a "Latter-Day Pamphlet" were to begin with "*said Mrs. Jameson to me*"—and if the Lady were there to find some saying which she had idly uttered descanted on by way of text—would she not complain? Privacy is a public good so unspeakable—so intimately connected with all that is surest in confidence—with all that is most reviving in intercourse—that we would

willingly sacrifice our share in certain great thoughts, for the assurance that there was no note-book in the neighborhood, where the sense, or nonsense, of the hour was recorded, as the listener's sympathy or antipathy dictated. Is Mrs. Jameson sure how far O. G. (whose initials it is not hard to unriddle) meant her ingenious plea for suicide (p. 34) to figure in print?—and the Kemble sisters wished to encounter what the one may have said concerning Mozart, and the other *à propos* of "the tune of Imogen"? We hold that such things are not Mrs. Jameson's own, precisely to use as she will,—any more than would be a secret captured by an involuntary listener; and it is for the good both of recorders and of those recorded to have attention called to the principle by protest.

Let us now take a few passages which *are* Mrs. Jameson's own; and better than most of her borrowings from other persons. Among these we may number the following picture:—

This present Sunday I set off with the others to walk to church, but it was late; I could not keep up with the pedestrians, and, not to delay them, turned back. I wandered down the hill path to the river brink, and crossed the little bridge, and strolled along, pensive, but with no definite or continuous subject of thought. How beautiful it was—how tranquil! not a cloud in the blue sky, nor a breath of air! "And where the dead leaf fell there did it rest;" but so still it was that scarce a single leaf did flutter or fall, though the narrow pathway along the water's edge was already encumbered with heaps of decaying foliage. Everywhere around, the autumnal tints prevailed, except in one sheltered place under the towering cliff, where a single tree, a magnificent lime, still flourished in summer luxuriance, with not a leaf turned or shed. I stood still opposite, looking on it quietly for a long time. It seemed to me a happy tree, so fresh, and fair, and grand, as if its guardian Dryad would not suffer it to be defaced. Then I turned, for close beside me sounded the soft, interrupted, half-suppressed warble of a bird, sitting on a leafless spray, which seemed to bend with its tiny weight. Some lines which I used to love in my childhood came into my mind, blending softly with the presences around me:—

The little bird now to salute the morn
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves still lying at the mossy root,
And there a silly chirruping doth keep,
As if she fain would sing, yet fain would weep;
Praising fair summer that too soon is gone,
And sad for winter too soon coming on!

The river, where I stood, taking an abrupt turn, ran wimpling by; not as I had seen it but a few days before—rolling tumultuously, the dead leaves whirling in its eddies, swollen and lurid with the mountain torrents, making one think of the kelpies, the water-wraiths, and such uncanny

things—but gentle, transparent, and flashing in the low sunlight; even the barberries, drooping with rich crimson clusters over the little pools near the bank, and reflected in them as in a mirror, I remember vividly as a part of the exquisite loveliness which seemed to melt into my life. For such moments we are grateful: we feel then what God can do for us, and what man can not.—*Carolside, November 5th, 1843.*

The next passage comprehends a true distinction, gracefully phrased:—

There are few things more striking, more interesting to a thoughtful mind, than to trace through all the poetry, literature, and art of the Middle Ages, that broad ever-present distinction between the practical and the contemplative life.

This was no doubt suggested and kept in view by the one grand division of the whole social community into those who were devoted to the religious profession (an immense proportion of both sexes) and those who were not. All through Dante, all through the productions of the mediæval art, we find this pervading idea; and we must understand it well and keep it in mind, or we shall never be able to apprehend the entire beauty and meaning of certain religious groups in sculpture and painting, and the significance of the characters introduced. Thus, in subjects from the Old Testament, Leah always represents the practical, Rachel, the contemplative life. In the New Testament, Martha and Mary figure in the same allegorical sense; and among the saints we always find St. Catharine and St. Clara patronizing the religious and contemplative life, while St. Barbara and St. Ursula preside over the military or secular existence. It was a part, and a very important part, of that beautiful and expressive symbolism through which art in all its forms spoke to the popular mind.

Here is a recollection, the force of which attests its reality:—

There was in my childish mind another cause of suffering besides those I have mentioned, less acute, but more permanent, and always unacknowledged. It was fear—fear of darkness and supernatural influences. As long as I can remember anything, I remember these horrors of my infancy. How they had been awakened I do not know; they were never revealed. I had heard other children ridiculed for such fears, and held my peace. At first these haunting, thrilling stifling stories were vague; afterwards their form varied; but one of the most permanent was the ghost in Hamlet. There was a volume of Shakespeare lying about, in which was an engraving I have not seen since, but it remains distinct in my mind as a picture. On one side stood Hamlet with his hair on end, literally "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and one hand with all the fingers outspread. On the other strided the ghost, encased in armor, with nodding plumes; one finger pointing forwards, and all surrounded with a supernatural light. O that spectre! for three years it followed me up and

down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed: only the blessed light had power to exorcise it. How it was that I knew, while I trembled and quaked, that it was unreal, never cried out, never expostulated, never confessed; I do not know. The figure of Apollyon looming over Christian, which I had found in an old edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," was also a great torment. But worse, perhaps, were certain phantasms without shape—things like the vision in Job—"A spirit passed before my face; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:"—and if not intelligible voices, there were strange unaccountable sounds filling the air around with a sort of mysterious life. In daylight I was not only fearless, but audacious, inclined to defy all power and brave all danger—that is, all danger I could see. I remember volunteering to lead the way through a herd of cattle (among which was a dangerous bull, the terror of the neighborhood) armed only with a little stick; but first I said the Lord's Prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed; terror stifled prayer. These visionary sufferings, in some form or other, pursued me till I was nearly twelve years old. If I had not possessed a strong constitution and a strong understanding, which rejected and condemned my own fears, even while they shook me, I had been destroyed. How much weaker children suffer in this way, I have since known; and have known how to bring them help and strength, through sympathy and knowledge, the sympathy that soothes and does not encourage—the knowledge that dispels and does not suggest the evil.

As a critic of Art, Mrs. Jameson is generally sensible and suggestive. Many may be curious to see how the author of "The Loves of the Poets" handles the female creations of the Lecturer on "the Humorists," and will be amused with the sentimental exaggeration of a sound judgment passed by her on Mr. Thackeray's heroines:—

No woman resents his Rebecca—inimitable Becky!—No woman but feels and acknowledges with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation; but every woman resents the selfish inane Amelia, and would be inclined to quote and to apply the author's own words when speaking of "Tom Jones." "I can't say that I think Amelia a virtuous character. I can't say but I think Mr. Thackeray's evident liking and admiration for his Amelia shows that the great humorist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here in art and ethics there is a great error. If it be right to have a heroine whom we are to admire, let us take care at least that she is admirable." Laura, in "Pendennis," is a yet more fatal mistake. She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not complain that she loves that poor creature, Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed, through its constancy, therein alone would lie its best excuse, its

beauty and its truth. But Laura faithless to that first affection; Laura, waked up to the appreciation of a far more manly and noble nature, in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendenis, and marrying him! Such infirmity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait. And then Lady Castlewood—so evidently a favorite of the author, what shall we say of her? The virtuous woman, *par excellence*, who “never sins and never forgives,” who never resents, nor relents, nor repents; the mother, who is the rival of her daughter; the mother, who for years is the *confidante* of a man’s delirious passion for her own child, and then consoles him by marrying him herself! O Mr. Thackeray! this will never do! such women may exist; but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art. When an author presents to us a heroine whom we are called upon to admire, let him at least take care that she is admirable.

To every line of the following criticism we can subscribe—with one question. Is there not some confusion as to facts, when Mlle. Rachel is spoken of as having personated *Athalie*?

Every one who remembers what Mlle. Rachel was seven or eight years ago, and who sees her now (1853), will allow that she has made no progress in any of the essential excellences of her art. A certain proof that she is not a great artist in the true sense of the word. She is a finished actress, but she is nothing more, and nothing better; not enough the artist ever to forget or conceal her art, consequently there is a want somewhere, which a mind highly toned, and of quick perceptions, feels from beginning to end. The parts in which she once excelled—the *Phèdre* and the *Hermione*, for instance—have become formalized and hard, like studies cast in bronze; and when she plays a new part it has no freshness. I always go to see her whenever I can. I admire her as what she is—the Parisian actress, practised in every trick of her *métier*. I admire what she does, I think how well it is all done, and am inclined to clap and applaud her drapery, perfect and ostentatiously studied in every fold, just with the same feeling that I applaud herself. As to the last scene of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (which those who are *avides de sensation*, athirst for painful emotion, go to see as they would drink a dram, and critics land as a miracle of art; it is altogether a mistake and a failure), it is beyond the just limits of terror and pity—beyond the legitimate sphere of art. It reminds us of the story of Gentil Bellini and the Sultan. The Sultan much admired his picture of the decolation of St. John the Baptist, but informed him that it was inaccurate—surgically—for the tendons and muscles ought to shrink where divided; and then calling for one of his slaves, he drew his scimitar, and striking off the head of the wretch, gave the horror-struck artist a lesson in practical anatomy. So

we might possibly learn from Rachel’s imitative representation (studied in an hospital, as they say), how poison acts on the frame, and how the limbs and features writhe into death; but if she were a great moral artist she would feel that what is allowed to be true in painting, is true in art generally; that mere imitation, such as the vulgar delight in, and hold up their hands to see, is the vulgarist and easiest aim of the imitative arts, and that between the true interpretation of poetry in art and such base mechanical means to the lowest ends, there lies an immeasurable distance. I am disposed to think that Rachel has not genius, but talent, and that her talent, from what I see year after year, has a downward tendency,—there is not sufficient moral seasoning to save it from corruption. I remember that when I first saw her in *Hermione* she reminded me of a serpent, and the same impression continues. The long meagre form, with its graceful undulating movements, the long, narrow face and features, the contracted jaw, the high brow, the brilliant supernatural eyes which seem to glance every way at once; the sinister smile; the painted red lips, which look as though they had lapped, or could lap, blood; all these bring before me the idea of a *Lamia*, the serpent nature in the woman’s form. In *Lydia*, and in *Athalie*, she touches the extremes of vice and wickedness with such a masterly lightness and precision, that I am full of wondering admiration for the actress. There is not a turn of her figure, not an expression in her face, not a fold in her gorgeous drapery, that is not a study; but withal such a consciousness of her art, and such an ostentation of the means she employs, that the power remains always *extraneous*, as it were, and exciting only to the senses and the intellect.

With regard to another art, Mrs. Jameson is a sayer of pleasant things, rather than a collector of facts to be relied on by the uninformed. This Art is music. Fancy, for instance, her offering a parallel betwixt Mozart and Chopin;—as two men “in both whose minds the artistic element wholly dominated over the social and practical.” What does “the social element” mean? The fact was, that Chopin, one of the most delicately *spirituel* conversers whom we ever met, was the delight of perhaps the most super-subtle and intellectual coterie in Paris. He answered no letters, it is true;—he gave lessons (save to ladies whom he liked) very reluctantly;—and his infirm health made him languid, unready, and oftentimes capricious, in performing the duties and attending to the courtesies of life. But he was as willing to discuss French politics or Polish nationality,—to anatomize the new poem or novel,—as to dream at the piano;—in this being totally unlike Mozart, who only seems willingly to have exchanged his spirituality (which was music) for reckless, animal dissipation.—Unlike Mozart, too, Chopin had a reason to give for everything which he did in his art, and was thus sometimes, as a musician, affected in his delicacies, and elabo-

rately grotesque in his avoidance of commonplace.—Curiously enough, in stating a *difference* betwixt Mozart and Chopin, Mrs. Jameson falls into an error of criticism as remarkable as the error of fact, just corrected :—

When called upon to describe his method of composing, what Mozart said of himself was very striking from its *naïveté* and truth. "I do not," he said, "aim at originality. I do not know in what my originality consists. Why my productions take from my hand that particular form or style which makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which makes my nose this or that particular shape; makes it, in short, Mozart's nose, and different from other people's." Yet, as a composer, Mozart was as *objective*, as dramatic, as Shakespeare and Raphael; Chopin, in comparison, was wholly *subjective*—the Byron of music.

Mozart as *dramatic* as Shakespeare!—This is news to those who feel with us. Mozart is everywhere in his works,—always tender and gentle, rarely lively,—affluent in melody,—wondrous in science,—but vague as a character painter; in his *Masses* as gay as in his *Operas*, in his *Operas* as solemn as in his *Masses*,—one who sentimentalized even the 'Figaro' of Beaumarchais, and flung so much of his own melancholy, mysticism, and musical science over a common Vienna extravaganza (for such is the book of 'Die Zauberflöte')—that the transcendentalists, deceived by the exquisite beauty and individuality of the composer, have absolutely wasted time and speculation in burrowing to find the bottom of that which, like *Bottom's* dream, "had no bottom." Perhaps no man's name, example, genius, story have been put to such hard duty, have been so ever-interpreted, as those of Mozart. Mrs. Jameson, in the above, merely repeats the old fallacies, which mean little, because they do not touch the truth.

The fragments on Sculpture, which close this elegant volume, are better. In taking leave of them and of the book, we cannot but ask Mrs. Jameson why, when speaking poetically and artistically of Helen, she had not a word for Canova's bust of the enchantress, and Lord Byron's graceful and epigrammatic eight lines on "the *Helen* of the heart?"

From The Spectator.

MRS. JAMESON'S COMMONPLACE BOOK OF THOUGHTS, MEMORIES, AND FANCIES.*

LIKE many authors and some musicians, Mrs. Jameson is in the habit of writing down,

* A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies, Original and Selected. By Mrs.

at the moment, what Handel called "de taut." The essays on "Shakspeare's Female Characters," "Sacred and Legendary Art," with other productions, originated from these memoranda; the writer's mind, we take it, being frequently occupied with the theme, and thus producing ideas akin to it; for isolated thoughts, coming at haphazard, would never make a continuous work. The volume before us is a selection from those thoughts which could not be used up in a book, with choice extracts from Mrs. Jameson's reading, sometimes standing alone, more frequently serving as a text for annotations. The subjects themselves are divided into two parts, one division relating to "Ethics and Character," the other to "Literature and Art." These terms, however, must be interpreted very broadly to logically include all that appears in the respective divisions. Miscellaneous thoughts on morals, manners, society, religion, individual character, art in very many of its branches, literature, criticism, and anecdotes, for the most part of well-known persons, constitute the topics of Mrs. Jameson's *Commonplace Book*.

The characteristics which we last week noticed as appertaining to real conversations belong to the book. It is brief, various, and sometimes pithy. If it has not the weight which attaches to the talk or thoughts of some eminent men, it has great elegance and refinement, without conventional timidity in handling certain questions. There is, moreover, a feminine nicety of appreciation and a justness of judgment on matters that fall fairly within a woman's ken. Praise, however, must be confined to the brief detached reflections, anecdotes, and comments. There are some longer pieces that rather smack of bookmaking. Such are the brief reports of sermons, the author has heard delivered by various preachers, well enough, but which it was not necessary to publish. The long autobiographical reminiscences of the writer's childhood, in connection with certain views on education, are but so-so, in spite of their general elegance and particular passages of interest. A kind of chapter on sculpture, sculptors, and what our ancestors (when it was the fashion to draw a character adapted to art) would have called "advice to sculptors," are also elegant, but somewhat flimsy. Extracts from Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, and other books, are articles without the text, where the broader parts are cut away, and nothing is left but some remarks on the quotations.

Pruned of these inferior parts, the book would form a very pleasant Jamesoniana, not only agreeable but instructive. "How can we reason but from what we know?"—how can we think unless we have matter to think about?

Jameson. With Illustrations and Etchings. Published by Longman and Co.

The brevity of what are called "thoughts," makes them a favorite with young literary aspirants; but their productions are generally nothing more than a collection of pompous truisms or commonplaces. Mrs. Jameson has suffered and seen others suffer; she has mixed, in various degrees of intimacy, with numbers of persons, often remarkable; she has dwelt upon questions which occupy the minds and affect the happiness of society, not at first to write about, but to arrive at the truth concerning them; she has investigated the principles which regulate criticism and taste. Results of this lifelong study will be found in her pages; and the thoughts that spring from a mind stored with the accumulations of observation and experience are the thoughts of value.

It follows from these premises, that Mrs. Jameson is frequently touching upon those moot questions which either in discussion or actual experiment occupy society in every age, till the subject is settled, or worn out, to be renewed again in some future stage of social progress. Here is her contribution on cheap productions.

It is well that we obtain what we require at the cheapest possible rate; yet those who cheapen goods, or beat down the price of a good article, or buy in preference to what is good and genuine of its kind an inferior article at an inferior price, sometimes do much mischief. Not only do they discourage the production of a better article, but if they be anxious about the education of the lower classes, they undo with one hand what they do with the other; they encourage the mere mechanic and the production of what may be produced without effort of mind and without education, and they discourage and wrong the skilled workman for whom education has done much more, and whose education has cost much more.

Every work so merely and basely mechanical, that a man can throw into it no part of his own life and soul, does, in the long run, degrade the human being. It is only by giving him some kind of mental and moral interest in the labor of his hands, making it an exercise of his understanding and an object of his sympathy, that we can really elevate the workman; and this is not the case with very cheap production of any kind.

Seemingly wide as the poles asunder, but perhaps not so far apart as they seem, are these remarks on poetical justice in real life, illustrated by a startling character, yet of common occurrence.

I was reading to-day in the Notes to Boswell's Life of Johnson, that "it is a theory which every one knows to be false in fact, that virtue in real life is always productive of happiness, and vice of misery." I should say that all my experience teaches me that the position is not false, but true; that virtue *does* produce happiness, and vice *does*

produce misery. But let us settle the meaning of the words. By *happiness*, we do not necessarily mean a state of worldly prosperity. By *virtue*, we do not mean a series of good actions, which may or may not be rewarded, and, if done for reward, lose the essence of virtue. Virtue, according to my idea, is the habitual sense of right, and the habitual courage to act up to that sense of right, combined with benevolent sympathies, the charity which thinketh no evil. This union of the highest conscience and the highest sympathy fulfils my notion of virtue. Strength is essential to it; weakness is incompatible with it. Where virtue is, the noblest faculties and the softest feelings are predominant; the whole being is in that state of harmony which I call happiness. Pain may reach it, passion may disturb it, but there is always a glimpse of blue sky above our head; as we ascend in dignity of being, we ascend in happiness, which is, in my sense of the word, the feeling which connects us with the infinite and with God.

And vice is necessarily misery; for that fluctuation of principle, that diseased craving for excitement, that weakness out of which springs falsehood, that suspicion of others, that discord with ourselves, with the absence of the benevolent propensities,—these constitute misery as a state of being. The most miserable person I ever met with in my life, had £12,000 a year; a cunning mind, dexterous to compass its own ends; very little conscience,—not enough, one would have thought, to vex with any retributive pang; but it was the absence of goodness that made the misery, obvious and hourly increasing. The perpetual kicking against the pricks, the unreasonable *exigence* with regard to things, without any high standard with regard to persons,—these made the misery. I can speak of it as misery who had it daily in my sight for five long years.

I have had arguments, if it be not presumption to call them so, with Carlyle, on this point. It appeared to me that he confounded happiness with pleasure, with self-indulgence. He set aside with a towering scorn the idea of living for the sake of happiness, so called. He styled this philosophy of happiness "the philosophy of the frying-pan." But this was like the reasoning of a child, whose idea of happiness is plenty of sugar-plums. Pleasure, pleasurable sensation, is, as the world goes, something to thank God for. I should be one of the last to undervalue it; I hope I am one of the last to live for it; and pain is pain, a great evil, which I do not like either to inflict or suffer. But happiness lies beyond either pain or pleasure; is as sublime a thing as virtue itself, indivisible from it; and under this point of view, it seems a perilous mistake to separate them.

The following thought is profoundly true. It explains the failures of men of reflection in a regular course or life of action; the great type of whom is Hamlet the Dane.

Those who have the largest horizon of thought,

the most extended vision in regard to the relation of things, are not remarkable for self-reliance and ready judgment. A man who sees limitedly and clearly, is more sure of himself, and more direct in his dealings with circumstances and with others, than a man whose many-sided capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and *objections*,—just as, they say, a horse with blinkers more surely chooses his path, and is less likely to shy.

These two anecdotes are equally good in their way. The one is not, as Mrs. Jameson intimates, better than the other; only the speaker in the one case was a lover, in the other a diplomatist. Perhaps a dash of satire lurked in the mot of Talleyrand,—as who should say, “Madame de Staël can do everything.”

We all remember the famous bon mot of Talleyrand. When seated between Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, and pouring forth gallantry, first at the feet of one, then of the other, Madame de Staël suddenly asked him if she and Madame Récamier fell into the river, which of the two he would save first? “Madame,” replied Talleyrand, “je crois que vous pouvez nager!”

Now we will match this pretty bon mot with one far prettier, and founded on it. Prince S., whom I knew formerly, was one day loitering on the banks of the Isar, in the English garden at Munich, by the side of the beautiful Madame de V., then the object of his devoted admiration. For a while he had been speaking to her of his mother, for whom, vaurien as he was, he had ever shown the strongest filial love and respect. Afterwards, as they wandered on, he began to pour forth his soul to the lady of his love with all the eloquence of passion. Suddenly she turned and said to him: “If your mother and myself were both to fall into this river, whom would you save first?” “My mother,” he instantly replied; and then looking at her expressively, immediately added, “To save you first, would be as if I were to save myself first.”

Something complimentary to crowned heads among extracts from Chateaubriand.

Madame de Coeslin (whom he describes as an impersonation of aristocratic morgue and all the pretension and prejudices of the ancient régime), “lisant dans un journal la mort de plusieurs rois, elle ôta ses lunettes et dit en se mouchant, ‘Il y a donc une épidémie sur ces bêtes à couronne!’”

I once counted among my friends an elderly lady of high rank, who had spent the whole of a long life in intimacy with royal and princely personages. In three different courts she had filled offices of trust and offices of dignity. In refer-

ring to her experience, she never either moralized or generalized; but her scorn of “ces bêtes à couronne” was habitually expressed with just such a cool epigrammatic bluntness as that of Madame de Coeslin.

A nice bit of criticism from the section on Art; and useful, as showing, in the first anecdote especially, how a keen observer can turn the most common action to account.

Lavater told Goethe, that on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in the church as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual, the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different and individually characteristic.

What, then, shall we say of Van Dyck, who painted the hands of his men and women, not from individual nature, but from a model hand,—his own, very often? And every one who considers for a moment, will see in Van Dyck’s portraits, that—however well painted and elegant the hands—they in very few instances harmonize with the personality; that the position is often affected, and as if intended for display,—the display of what is in itself a positive fault, and from which some little knowledge of comparative physiology would have saved him.

There are hands of various character. The hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Arragon in Raphael’s picture.

Let any one look at the hands in Titian’s portrait of old Paul IV: though exquisitely modelled, they have an expression which reminds us of claws. They belong to the face of that grasping old man, and could belong to no other.

We will close our extracts with a lesson on the necessity of incessant care even to maintain excellence, and another proof of the wonderful riches of Shakspeare.

I once asked Mrs. Siddons, which of her great characters she preferred to play? She replied, after a moment’s consideration, and in her rich, deliberate, emphatic tones, “Lady Macbeth is the character I have most studied.” She afterwards said that she had played the character during thirty years, and scarcely acted it once without carefully reading over the part, and generally the whole play, in the morning; and that she never read over the play without finding something new in it,—“something,” she said, “which had not struck me so much as it ought to have struck me.”

From *The Athenæum*.

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By Grace Greenwood. Bentley.

"SUNNY MEMORIES" appear to be setting in with great severity. We had hoped that Mrs. Stowe had flung enough of rosy hues and golden tints about this honest, unpretending, murky London—had praised the beauty of our women and flattered the genius of our men sufficient to satisfy America for one generation at least; but such it seems is not the case. "Grace Greenwood," if a less conspicuous, is not a less peremptory adorer of England and the English—and of everything that England and the English have taken into favor. Her adoration, we dare say, is quite sincere; we wish we could add, that it is expressed with the modesty which becomes sincere feeling. But the truth must be told:—"Grace Greenwood" is not modest in her admiration. The reader shall judge for himself at once. The lady is on board the steamer in which Madame Goldschmidt and her husband returned to Europe.

My seat at table was on the left of Captain West, and opposite the Goldschmidts. Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, impressed me, not only as a man of genius, but of rare refinement and nobility of character. He is small, and delicately formed, but his head is a remarkably fine one, his face beautiful in the best sense of the term. He is fair, with hair of a dark golden hue, soft brown eyes, thoughtful even to sadness. I have never seen a brow more pure and spiritual than his. Yet, for all its softness and youthfulness, Mr. Goldschmidt's face is by no means wanting in dignity and manliness of expression. There is a maturity of thought, a calm strength of character, a self-poise about him, which impress you more and more.

This is pretty well for a beginning. By and by the admiration takes a poetic form,—and Mr. Goldschmidt becomes in "Grace Greenwood's" eyes, a Corinthian column:—

The pure and graceful Greek column makes no solid or defiant show of strength, like the unchiselled stone or the jagged rock, yet it may be as strong in its beauty and perfect proportions, and decidedly pleasanter to lean against.

After the husband comes the wife:—

For the first few days of our voyage, she seemed singularly shy and reserved. I have seen her sit hour after hour by herself, in some unfrequented part of the vessel, looking out over the sea. I often wondered if her thoughts were then busy with the memories of her glorious career—if she were living over her past triumphs, the countless times when the cold quiet of the highest heaven of fashion broke into thunders of acclamation above her, and came down in a rain

of flowers at her feet. Was it of those perishable wreaths placed on her brow amid the glare and tumult of the great world, she mused—or of that later crowning of her womanhood, when softly and silently her brow received from God's own hand the chrism of a holy and enduring love? Was it the happy, loving wife, or the great world-renowned artiste, who dreamed there alone, looking out over the sea?

When these wonderful people arrived in Liverpool there were crowds to welcome them on the pier; but unhappily "the presence of a strong police force kept down all enthusiastic demonstration,"—as we all know it is apt to do in England. "Grace," however, does not wait long for something to admire:—

O, the glorious old trees, the beautiful green hedges, the gorgeous flowers of England! What words of mine would have power to set them whispering, and waving, and gleaming before you? I never shall forget the effect wrought upon me by the sight of the first flowers I saw, born of the soil and blossomed by the air of Old England. You will think it strange, but the first tears I shed after my last parting with my friends at New York fell fast on the fragrant leaves, and glistened in the rich red heart of an English rose. In some mysterious depths of association, beyond the soundings of thought, lay the source of those tears.

Mr. Martineau is the next victim of her enthusiasm:—

I found him, in personal appearance, all I looked for. The pure, servid, poetic spirit, and the earnest eloquence which adapt his writings alike to the religious wants, the devotional sense, the imagination and the taste of his readers, all live in his look, and speak in his familiar tones. He is somewhat slender in person, with a head not large but compact and perfectly balanced. His perceptive organs are remarkably large, his brow is low and purely Greek, and his eyes are of a deep, changeful blue. There is much quietude in his face—native, rather than acquired, I should say—the repose of unconsciousness rather than of conscious power. About his head, altogether, there is a classical, chiselled look; the hair grows in a way to enchant an artist, and every feature of his face is finely and clearly cut. But the glow of the soul is all over.

We pass from Liverpool to Edgbaston—from Mr. Martineau's chapel to Mrs. Sturge's drawing-room:—

I was received into the warmth and light of a pleasant little drawing-room, opening into a conservatory of beautiful bright flowers. I was met with sweet words, and sweeter smiles of welcome, by the lovely young wife of Joseph Sturge, and by his fair children—quaint, Quaker specimens of child beauty, which is found in its rosy perfection in "merrie England."

From rosy children to one of the sons of song, Barry Cornwall:—

I found this prince of song-writers a most agreeable person, a little shy and reserved at first, but truly genial and kindly at heart, and with a vein of quaint humor running through his quiet, low-toned talk.

Poets lead to politics. Mr. Cobden gives "Grace Greenwood" tea—and Grace Greenwood pays Mr. Cobden back with her usual coinage of admiration:—

Richard Cobden I found to be, personally, all that his noble political course and high-toned eloquence had led me to expect. He is most kindly and affable in manner, converses earnestly and thoughtfully, though with occasional flashes of humor, and nice touches of satire.

We hope Mr. Cobden is satisfied. Mr. Disraeli gives "Grace Greenwood" nothing; and he is told to his face—with a variation of the humor for once—that "his face bears no high character, but is cold, politic, subtle in expression." Mr. Hume "is a fine specimen of a true-souled man,"—whatever that may mean—and the Duchess of Sutherland is "the most magnificent of matrons." Here, again, we have admiration poured upon us in a summer shower:—

I have spent a delightful evening with Mary Howitt—a charming, true-hearted woman, as she has unconsciously written herself down in her books. The poet, Alaric Watts, was present, and the painter, Margaret Gillies. Mary Howitt the younger, a beautiful, natural girl, is an artist of rare talent and poetic spirit. I have also met the authoress, Mrs. Crowe, a very interesting and genial person, who, if she has a "night side" to her "nature," never turns it on her friends.

Talfourd, we learn, was "a small modest-looking man." Prince Albert, it seems, "is now getting stout, and is a little bald." We are glad, however, to be assured on such good authority, that "Her Majesty is in fine preservation." We doubt whether "small and modest-looking" are the adjectives that best describe the author of "Ion;" but what shall we say to "Grace Greenwood" on the Rupert of Debate?

The Earl of Derby held the crown on its crimson cushion gracefully, like an accomplished waiter presenting an ice.

In one breath we have, "Mr. Tupper—a poet whose manners are as popular as his works;" Mrs. Crosland—"the delightful authoress;" Mr. Jerdan—"one of the finest wits and most remarkable personages of his time."

After this the reader is not likely to be

much astonished. "Miss Muloch is an Irish-woman, about twenty-five, *petite* and pretty." "The fine wit and humor, and wide knowledge of life which give so much of richness and spirit to Mr. and Mrs. Hall's sketches of Irish character—impart a peculiar charm to their manner." The authoress of "Margaret Maitland" is "a fair Scotchwoman, not over twenty-two, a modest, quiet, lovable person, who seems far from having made up her mind to admit the fact of her own genius." Miss Pardoe is "a very charming person." Dr. Mackay is the "heartly, generous-spirited poet," with "the beautiful wife."

Has the reader had enough of "Grace Greenwood" and her admiration? We shall follow her only to one other fire-side. Mr. Charles Dickens offers hospitality to the lady; and here is what the lady thinks of her entertainer. First of Mr. Dickens himself:—

He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humor. Yet, for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of "Bleak House."

Next of Mr. Dickens's wife:—

Mrs. Dickens is a very charming person—in character and manner truly a gentlewoman.

Now of Mr. Dickens's children:—

Such of the children as I saw seemed worthy to hand down to coming years the beauty of the mother and the name of the father.

Then of Mr. Dickens's style of living:—

Mr. Dickens's style of living is elegant and tasteful, but in no respect ostentatious, or out of character with his profession or principles. I was glad to see that his servants wore no livery.

Afterwards of Mr. Dickens's guests:—

Next to me at table sat Walter Savage Landor—a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought and generous enthusiasm for liberty. Opposite sat Charles Kemble and his daughter Adelaide, Madame Sartoris. At the other end of the table were Herr Devrient, the great German actor, Barry Cornwall and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague. Charles Kemble is a grand-looking old man, animated and agreeable in conversation, and preserving to a wonderful degree his enthusiasm for a profession around which he and his have thrown so much of glory. In Adelaide Sartoris you recognize at a glance one of that royal family of

Kemble, born to rule, with a power and splendor unsurpassable, the realm of tragic art. Herr Devrient is a handsome, Hamlet-ish man, with a melancholy refinement of voice, face, and manner, touching and poetic to a degree, though not quite the thing for a pleasant evening party.

Lastly of what Mr. Dickens said to "Grace Greenwood:"—

During this evening, Mr. Dickens spoke to me with much interest and admiration of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Hawthorne. Wherever I go, my national pride is gratified by hearing eloquent tributes to these authors, and to the poet Longfellow. The "Memorials" of Margaret Fuller have also created a sensation here. Carlyle says, "Margaret was a great creature; but you have no full biography of her yet. We want to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of shoes and stockings she wore." Thus far

my experience of English life and character has been pleasant—altogether pleasant.

"Grace Greenwood" does not see that in this last instance Mr. Carlyle is quizzing—as his humor is, in such a presence. Satire, however, is a relief after so much silliness. What Mr. Dickens may think of the above exhibition of himself, his family, and house, we will not pretend to know,—and he himself can say, if he chooses. How Mr. Dickens's guests may like their share in the exhibition the reader will readily surmise. Simple English folks, who do not care to see themselves flaunting in print in such a fashion—though anxious to show all proper courtesy to the representatives of America in England—are hereby made aware at what a price they may receive into their houses the wandering sisterhood of the quill from America.

In a letter to the *Times*, "F. R. C. S." remarks, that while science has been applied to all kinds of processes in arts, manufactures, and locomotion, the propelling power in military projectiles is still derived from "a very clumsy and inconvenient mixture of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre." The bullet has been improved by substituting a plane surface of propulsion in lieu of a spherical; the Lancaster gun proves that new inventions may give us a great start of the enemy: but many things, like gunpowder, remain comparatively unimproved by science even since the days of a Roger Bacon. In the presence of such facts, there is no sufficient disproof of the complaint that the officials often reject scientific suggestions without proper inquiry. F. R. C. S. suggests a commission to examine suggestions and plans; and is there any reason why such a body should not be appointed? We can imagine the toil which it would have to go through; but it is true that amongst the mass of raw suggestions brought forward by "unscientific Warners," there often does lurk some admirable invention. Why should those sterling discoveries be left to the winnowing hand of time and undirected discussion? Why not imitate the poor Negroes of Brazil, or the diggers of the gold-fields, who wash and sift the mass of rubbish to find the diamond or the gold, instead of waiting until we stumble over treasure by chance in the wild waste of time and space?—*Spectator*.

THE REMAINS OF BOSSUET.—By the orders of the Bishop of Meaux, the leaden coffin, re-

cently discovered, containing the mortal remains of Bossuet, was opened on the 14th instant. The head was found covered with four folds of linen, which was cut away with a pair of scissors, and the features were then seen. They were much less changed than might have been expected, considering that the body has been buried a century and a half. The head was leaning a little to the right, like to that of a person asleep, and the left part of the face was in particular exceedingly well preserved, and at once reminded lookers-on of Rigaud's portrait of the deceased. The mouth was open, the eyes shut, the nose somewhat fallen in, the hair white, and the moustaches and imperial visible. The skull had been sawed across so as to allow the brain to be taken away, in order to let aromatic substances be placed in its stead. An artist, who was present, took a sketch of the face as it appeared when the coffin was opened. When it was known that the features of the deceased could be seen, a great number of persons hastened to the cathedral. Several ecclesiastics also arrived from Paris, and among them the curé of St. Roche and the curé of St. Lois d'Antin. In the night of the 14th, a glass was fixed over the face, so as to preserve it from the contact of the external air, and the next day, at 10 in the morning, a funeral service was performed, at which the bishop officiated. Pontifical ornaments covered the coffin, a crozier was placed close to it, and Bossuet once more appeared as bishop in his own cathedral. All the functionaries of the town were present on the occasion, as well as a large number of other persons. After the mass had finished, the crowd walked round, in order to see the features of the deceased. The coffin was replaced in the evening in the vault.—*Galvani's Messenger*.

From The Economist.

History of the Iron Trade, from the Earliest Records to the Present Period. By Harry Scrivenor. New edition. Longmans, Paternoster Row.

NOR having seen, that we recollect, the former edition of this book, we shall treat it as a new work, worthy of attention, because it concerns one of the most important and increasing businesses of the country. In all times, wherever iron has been known, it has been described as the most useful of all the metals, and in our time, when to its thousand other uses, it has become the substitute for animal power, and enables us to surpass in speed, the swiftest race-horse, and travel thousands of miles with no more fatigue than sitting for a length of time in our arm-chair, or walking in our carpeted room; when it is the pillars of our houses, and the frames of our ships, the ornaments of our rooms, and of our wives and daughters—in our age, which is appropriately called the iron age, it has become so multifariously useful, that it seems almost impossible for men ever to have lived without it. We required, probably, to discover in almost modern times, a nation in which it was unknown, to convince us that there was a time when the substance was unknown, and to find it out, and apply it, was one of the earliest and greatest advances in the progress of civilization. At present the make of iron in this country, increasing year by year, is not much less than 3,000,000 tons; in 1852, it was 2,700,000 tons; the value of the iron exported in various shapes, is not less than 15,000,000*l*, and probably, the whole value of the manufacture is upwards of 30,000,000*l*. This is a great mass of national wealth, obviously the result entirely of labor and skill. There is no fertility of soil to give any portion of the value; the iron-stone, except for the labor, would be mere rubbish; and the whole is the product of much industry and skill, in many successive ages. In that it would be difficult to fix a property, and the skill and the knowledge are almost universally diffused, and their products, too, are cheaply dispensed amongst all nations. Mr. Scrivenor writes the history of iron from the beginning, and describes the earliest and the latest processes for obtaining the metal. Between the rude clay furnace, described by Park, in his "*Travels in Africa*"—a modern representation, probably, of some of the earliest invented furnaces, which, notwithstanding the enormous waste, and a yield extremely small in proportion to the mineral and means employed, left the furnace owner iron enough to repay him for his trouble—and one of the great furnaces of Wales, running off, day after day, throughout the year, its eight or nine tons, how vast has

been the progress. But the change in the mode of procuring the metal, seems hardly equal to the multiplied uses to which it has come to be applied. Mr. Scrivenor's book is more valuable for the historical anecdotes collected, than for its statistical description of the present condition of the iron trade, though this is useful, and amongst them, we find none more remarkable than the following account, which we quote, in order to show the wisdom of former legislation, of a Parliamentary measure of the early part of last century:—

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION.

In 1719 a bill was brought into Parliament, with the object of rendering the laws concerning the importation of naval stores from the British American plantations more comprehensive, by admitting from them all sorts of timber. But the colonies were surprised and disappointed by some clauses in the bill, that rather than submit to them, they preferred to forego entirely the benefit it would have conferred upon them, and they were very glad to have it dropped altogether. Such, for instance, "that none of the plantations should manufacture iron wares of any kinds, out of any sows, pigs, or bars, what soever, under certain penalties." By which clause no smith, in the plantations, might make as much as a bolt, spike, or nail, whereby the colonies must have been brought into a miserable condition, the smith being, above all other trades, absolutely necessary in all employments there; amongst the rest, that of ship-building, would have been utterly destroyed, although thereby they made a great part of their returns for the British manufactures. The House of Peers added another clause—"That no forge going by water, or other work whatsoever, should be erected in any of the plantations, for making sows, pigs, or cast iron, into bar or rod iron."

This proposed measure was quite equal to the laws of Spain, so often spoken of with deserved execration, to forbid the cultivation of the vine and the olive in its American colonies; but to the greater disgrace of the British Legislature, it was proposed after the Spanish enactments, and probably after experience had demonstrated their malevolent folly. The bill of 1719 is worthy of being now especially remembered as a proof of the great prevalence, a century and a half and two centuries ago, of the idea that nations could be enriched by stopping the growth of others, even of their own colonies, in wealth. Not to reverence such wisdom is, by some persons, still held to be sad forgetfulness of what is due to our ancestors. We will quote another anecdote, which Mr. Scrivenor borrows from the "*Chronicles of Old London Bridge*," to call attention to the facts it records, as having some bearings probably on the science of magnetism, and on some geological theories:—

A GALVANIC ACTION IN THE EARTH.

An eminent London cutler, (Mr. Weiss, of the Strand,) to whose inventions modern surgery is under considerable obligations, has remarked, that steel seemed to be much improved when it had become rusty in the earth, and provided the rust was not factitiously produced by the application of acids. He accordingly buried some razor-blades for nearly three years, and the result fully corresponded to his expectation. The blades were coated with rust, which had the appearance of having exuded from within, but were not eroded, and the quality of the steel was decidedly improved. Analogy led to the conclusion that the same might hold good with respect to iron, under similar circumstances; so, with perfect confidence in the justness of his views, he purchased as soon as an opportunity offered, all the iron, amounting to fifteen tons, with which the piles of London Bridge had been shod. Each shoe consisted of a small inverted pyramid, with four straps, rising from the four sides of its base, which embraced and were nailed to the pile; the total length, from the point, which entered the ground, to the end of the strap, being about sixteen inches, and the weight about eight pounds.

The pyramidal extremities of the shoes were found to be not much corroded, nor, indeed, were the straps; but the latter had become extremely and beautifully sonorous, close resembling, in tone, the bars and sounding pieces of an Oriental instrument, which was exhibited, some time since, with the Burmese state carriage.—When manufactured, the solid points in question, were convertible only into very inferior steel; the same held good with respect to such

bolts, and other parts of the iron-work as were subjected to the experiment, except the straps: these, which, in addition to their sonorousness, possessed a degree of toughness quite unapproached by common iron, and which were, in fact, imperfect carburets, produced steel of a quality infinitely superior to any, which, in the course of his business, Mr. Weiss had ever before met with; inasmuch, that while it was in general request among the workmen for tools, they demanded higher wages for working it.—These straps, weighing altogether about eight tons, were consequently separated from the solid points, and these last sold as old iron. The exterior difference between the parts of the same shoe, led, at first, to the supposition, that they were composed of two sorts of iron; but besides the utter improbability of this, the contrary was proved by an examination, which led to the inference that the extremities of the piles having been charred, the straps of iron closely wedged between them and the stratum in which they were imbedded, must have been subjected to a galvanic action, which, in the course of some six or seven hundred years, gradually produced the effects recorded.

Mr. Scrivenor's book is more valuable for the historical matter contained in it, than for its present description of the iron manufactures of the world. It does not include the latest information that can be obtained, and is wholly deficient of those pictorial illustrations which are necessary to make readers form any ideas of casting, founding, puddling, shiting, and rolling.

CONTRIVANCES FOR WINDOW FLOWER-BEDS.

The thing really required has not yet been invented, at least I have not seen any advertisements on the subject. The object to be attained, is to provide space for a little flower-bed, extending all along the outside of the window, and projecting as farout as the taste of the amateur gardener may suggest. This bed should be filled with fine leaf mould, and, if planted, with bulbs in the winter months, and geraniums in the summer, would become a very pretty object, affording a constant subject of interest and employment to the ladies of the family. A large slab of stone, or slate, should first be firmly set, and on this a bed might be formed of tiles of earthenware, or terra cotta expressly made for the purpose. The tiles might be made in pieces, so as to be capable of fitting to window-sills of any size:—some should be flat, others at right angles to form the sides, and the outside tiles should have holes, or a gutter terminating in a hole, conveniently placed, to allow of the surplus water draining off. Iron castings should be adapted to the support of these tiles, so that when all were laid, there should be a firm flower-bed of not less than say six inches in depth. Might not a thriving branch of industry spring up in the supply of these flower-beds, to assist in gratifying so universal a taste as a fondness for flowers?—*Correspondent of the Builder.*

A CURIOUS SURPRISE.—A SEVEN YEARS' SLEEP.—A letter from San Francisco to Mr. R. R. Harris, of this city, from his brother, relates a curious incident that occurred there a short time since, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Her Britannic Majesty's exploring ship Plover arrived at San Francisco a short time since from the Polar Sea, where she had been ice bound since 1847.

When she left San Francisco, some years ago, it was a mere trading station, resorted to by a few vessels in pursuit of hides, and the town or place contained only a few adobe houses. The captain and crew of the Plover expected to find the same San Francisco in 1854 that they left in 1847. The captain, therefore, sailed into the bay without a pilot, and approached the city in the evening. He was much amazed at the numerous lights he saw.

When he awoke from his dream of seven years the next morning, he found a noble city occupying the site of the ancient San Francisco. He had known nothing of the Mexican war, and cession of California to the United States, and the many other great events that had taken place during the time he had been locked up in the frozen regions of the North.

[Rochester Union, Dec. 5.]

From The Spectator.

IRISH SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.*

Most lovers of the national music of Scotland are acquainted with the collections of the Melodies of that country published by Messrs. Wood of Edinburgh. They are three in number: "The Songs of Scotland," "The Melodies of Scotland without Words," and "The Dance Music of Scotland." All of them have been noticed in this journal with merited commendation. They are carefully and judiciously edited; contain much interesting matter in comparatively narrow compass, and at comparatively small cost; are handsomely brought out; and, above all, derive a peculiar literary value from the introductory dissertations and copious notes of Mr. G. F. Graham, whose learning, research, and extensive knowledge have thrown much light upon the antiquities and characteristics of the national music of Scotland.

To those publications the present is a sequel. Apparently, the publishers have not thought it expedient to bring forward a new collection of Irish songs—with the music, that is to say, united to poetry; that field having already been occupied by Moore. This collection, like the Scottish melodies without words, is entirely for the pianoforte player. It is exceedingly agreeable to lovers of music, albeit they do not sing, to be able to enjoy the beauties of popular vocal melody through the medium of the piano; and so much is this felt to be the case, that all our favorite operas, published without the words, are now in universal use. To edit a collection of national tunes, however, without words, is much more difficult than to edit an opera in the same way. The opera air is fixed and determined, and its harmonies are sufficiently indicated by the composer; but a national tune, handed down by tradition, assumes so many forms at different times and in different places, that it is impossible to determine its "set" by any positive authority. We must endeavor to find the set most generally adopted; and, where this is insufficient, we must decide between different forms to the best of our taste and judgment. All the collections of Scotch and Irish airs, even the most modern, differ widely in their sets of many melodies; and, though we may prefer one to another, it is difficult to assert that the one is right and the other wrong.

In examining this new collection of Irish airs, it seems to us that Mr. Surenne has on the whole shown good taste and judgment in regulating the text of melodies, as well as in their selection. The volume contains two hundred and twenty-three; and we do not find that any noted or popular air is missing. The editor says that "the sets of the airs are given after an attentive examination and comparison of those contained in the collections that have been published at various times in England, Ireland, and Scotland." In doing this he has generally chosen well, but, we think, not always. "The girl I left behind me" has a less spirited close than the tune we have so lately

heard in all our streets, accompanying the departing steps of our soldiers now in the East. "Lough Sheeling" has a C sharp several times introduced, to accommodate the tune to the modern key of D minor; whereas the flat seventh in a minor key is a very characteristic note in Scotch and Irish melody. In "Cruiskeen Lawn," the chromatic ascent from F natural to F sharp is a thing unheard-of in this kind of music; and the whole version of the air is not so good as that in general use, which is given in the appendix. "Paddy O'Carrol" is weakened by the second F in the first bar, instead of E, the most characteristic note in the tune. "A lovely lass to a friar came," a most beautiful air, is sadly injured by the four monotonous closes on the key-note; the close in the middle of the second part ought to have been on the dominant. In some other instances, the editor has followed his brother collectors in altering notes in the airs so as to make them more susceptible of modern harmony; but, those alterations are neither so many nor so material as those made by Stevenson in his arrangement for Moore. Mr. Surenne's basses and harmonies are skilful, judicious, and musicianlike; and this instrumental dress, in which he has clothed these pretty tunes, is very elegant and becoming.

Mr. Graham's share of the work consists of his introductory Dissertation on the Music of Ireland. Like his previous essays of the same kind, it is full of curious and interesting matter. We can only indicate the topics which he has so ably and acutely handled. His remarks on the labors of Bunting, the most voluminous and celebrated among the older Irish collectors, are particularly valuable. Giving Bunting due credit for what he has achieved, Mr. Graham exposes his faults and errors, which arose chiefly from his overweening vanity. Bunting maintains that the oldest Irish tunes have been handed down unchanged for centuries, and asserts that his collections exhibit these tunes in their pure unchanged forms; a doctrine and assertion at variance with the fact, and inconsistent with what has been said by Bunting himself. Mr. Graham, however, concludes his strictures by saying—"These remarks do not infringe upon the praise justly due to Bunting's industry and enthusiasm,—qualities which enabled him to rescue from oblivion many of the finest melodies of Ireland, and thus to add a peaceful and beautiful wreath to the honors of his native country."

Mr. Graham's remarks on the peculiarities of structure which are found in Irish melodies, though he does not profess to discuss the subject fully, are very instructive to the musical student. These peculiarities (common to Scotch and Irish music) have been explained on too narrow grounds. Because many old tunes want the fourth and seventh of the scale, theorists jump to the conclusion that these omissions are essential features of old Scotch and Irish melody, in the teeth of the fact that the notes in question are found in multitudes of tunes undoubtedly genuine. Mr. Bunting reduces the peculiarities of Irish tune to a still narrower compass; they are all owing to the use of the major sixth. "This," he says, "it is that stamps the Scotie character

* The Songs of Ireland without Words; for the Pianoforte. Arranged and edited by J. T. Surenne. Published by Wood and Co., Edinburgh.

(for we Irish are the original Scoti) on every bar of the air in which it occurs, so that, the moment this tone is heard, we exclaim, that is an Irish melody!" Now, the use of the major sixth, as an emphatic note, certainly gives a character to some Irish airs, but this is not peculiar to them. "If," says Mr. Graham, "the marked occurrence of the major sixth of the scale is a sure and characteristic test of genuine Irish melody, then by parity of reasoning, the marked occurrence of that same sixth in the melodies of other nations may be used to prove those melodies also to be of Irish extraction." The sound view of the matter is undoubtedly that adopted by Mr.

Graham,—that the melodies in question are not formed upon one but on a variety of scales, those, namely, of the ancient Greek modes, preserved in the old chants of the Romish Church. And it is easy to see how it came to be so: the people, constantly accustomed to listen to the chants of the church, naturally used the same kind of cantilena in their secular songs.

Much curious information is given respecting the instruments used in the British islands in the middle ages, and upon other topics connected with Mr. Graham's inquiry; and his essay is an important addition to our stock of musical literature.

BULLION IN THE BANK.

To the Editor of the Economist.

SIR,—In your money article of the 11th inst., commenting on the Bank-of-England Return, you very naturally mention that the decrease of bullion "is the reverse of what was expected from the late large arrivals."

In the *Times*, and some other journals, this unexpected diminution in the bullion forms also the subject of observation. In the present feverish condition of the money market, this apparently incomprehensible drain occasions all sorts of mischievous surmises; and, coupled with the further advance in the price of grain, and the serious but glorious events in the Crimea, a sufficient handle is furnished to the *Bears* to depress Consols very perceptibly.

This enigma is, however, easily solved. The Scotch term of Martinmas fell on the 11th instant, when it behooved the banks to have recourse as usual to the coffers of the Bank of England, for a large supply of gold, to meet the periodical expansion in the circulation, consequent on the increase which takes place in the transactions at this period of the year, just as regularly as the season comes round.

The gold taken from the Bank of England to meet this temporary excess in the circulation of the Scotch banks, cannot have been less than £500,000. What a different aspect might matters have had, if the last Bank Return, in place of a decrease of £50,000, had shown an increase in the bullion to the extent of £450,000.

This tampering with the resources of the Bank happens now, as it has happened before, at a critical juncture,—engenders distrust, aggravates the prevailing feverishness, and confers no additional stability on the Scotch banks by this temporary acquisition of gold. This state of things should evidently be altered. The remedy is plain: extend the authorized issues of the Scotch banks to a sum equivalent to the average of their circulation for six weeks succeeding the money terms of Martinmas and Whitsunday. Practically, this would remove the present absurdity of keeping half a million in gold suspended betwixt London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow twice a-year, and, theoretically, would furnish a limit for the circulation in every respect as unobjectionable as that obtained by the plan adopted by Sir Robert Peel.

Nov. 15, 1854.

J.

HOMOGRAPHY.

HOMOGRAPHY is a new art, an art of yesterday, or rather of to-day, for which the inventor makes the following extraordinary claims:—Whoever possesses a printed book, possesses the stereotype plates of that book; whoever has an old lithograph, a copy of an extinct edition, an impression of a steel engraving, has by a wonderful process of transfer, the original stone, the original type, the original plate, the original block. An octavo of 500 pages can be executed at a trifling cost, in six days. Reprints cost but half the price of the first composition; and engravings, after expensive originals, may be made for a few sous. Stereotyping will be done away with; the first edition will be printed from type, and any one copy furnishes the plates for all successive editions. Rare editions are annihilated, as one copy may be multiplied to infinity, and that, too, with all the typographical peculiarities of the epoch in which it was first printed. Books in foreign languages, in dead languages, in Hebrew, in Greek, in Sanscrit, may be reproduced by workmen completely ignorant of them. The following is the history of the process, as described by Victor Meunier, the scientific feuilletonist of the *Presse*.

The inventor, Mr. Edward Boyer, a chemist of Nismes, undertook to solve the problem that the inventor of lithography, Senefelder, of Munich, sought in vain to solve—to reproduce upon stone any typographical work, lithograph, or engraving, of which a single copy is in existence—to do it instantaneously, cheaply, without damaging the original, and so exactly that the most practised eye cannot tell the difference; and, finally, to multiply the copies to infinity. In principle, M. Boyer arrived at a solution in 1844; he has spent ten years in researches tending to simplify, cheapen, and render practicable the process. He has now succeeded, and stereotypes a quarto page in ten minutes, as he actually did in presence of M. Mennier. A cast of the Temptation of St. Anthony, which lately cost a Paris publisher \$280, might have been furnished by M. Boyer for two cents and a quarter!

The process is of course a secret, and will not be disclosed even in specifications for a patent. M. Boyer does not intend to patent his invention; he will control and superintend the business in France, and will sell the secret to foreign countries.

From The Economist, 18 Nov.

CALIFORNIA.—AGRICULTURE AND TRADE.

WE learn from California by the last arrivals, as we have in fact before heard, that agriculture is making great progress in that new habitation of civilized man. The *New York Shipping List* of the 1st inst. says:—

The world has known California, hitherto, as but the "El Dorado" of the Pacific, the modern Ophir, providentially ordained to supply all mankind with the precious metals—in short, as a spot on earth's surface, predestined, probably, to attain no higher rank than that which has been assigned to States and communities exclusively devoted to the comparatively low level of mining pursuits.

A nobler and more honorable destiny, it is now clear, is in store for our sister State. Her age of gold is sensibly fading away before the dawning of a new and better era, in which agriculture and the arts are to lay a deeper, broader, more enduring foundation for her future greatness, than any it were in the power of mere gold and silver to provide.

During the few years which preceded the discovery of her mineral wealth, it is no violation of truth to assert that California was wholly neglected, because of the entire ignorance existing with regard to her real riches. The all but universal excitement of which that remote region was at first the common centre, however, is now, as we have intimated, substantially at an end.

Our new State is just beginning to discover that she has, in an almost prodigal abundance, the means to feed and clothe herself, and need not, therefore, of necessity, be so large a customer to South America, to the Atlantic States, and to Europe even, as she has been, and is at present, to their enrichment and her own proportionate impoverishment. Her gold mines, it is true, are as prolific as ever; but then the truth seems just beginning to break in upon her social and political economists, that gold gotten there, if paid away for food brought all the way from Chili or the Atlantic cities, in vessels that have to be roundly remunerated for bringing it to their doors, does not yield so handsome a return for the labor and expense of unearthing it, as would the same labor and expense devoted to the cultivation of the soil, and producing, instead of gold—wheat, corn, oats, rye, and other cereals. An enterprising people, thrown, as it were, on their own resources, like those of our countrymen who have settled down on the distant shores of the Pacific, are never slow to act out a new idea, if the idea is a practical or practicable one. Hence, within the year or two past, a harvest in California is come to be regarded as something not wholly a solecism.

We are regaled almost every arrival now, with glowing accounts of the immense crops of wheat that have been raised during this season in various sections of the State, while the yield of corn and oats, with the smaller products of the field and the garden, are represented, on all hands, to

be quite as creditable as any of which the older States on the Atlantic slope way legitimately boast. The capacities of her soil for farming purposes, we sometimes think, approach the fabulous; but the fact is indisputable, attested as it is by the most impartial and competent authorities—that breadstuffs enough may be raised in California in a single season, with average good weather, to feed, not only her own numerous and rapidly multiplying population, but the teeming communities on the adjacent coasts.

Something of the same kind is going on in Australia. South Australia is becoming a great agricultural country; Tasmania is not behind; and, now that the gold fever has somewhat abated, the people of New South Wales and Victoria will return to their pastoral and agricultural pursuits, which, exclusively, a few years ago, were the sources of their rapidly accumulating wealth. The mining and town population, as their occupations become less lucrative and as their numbers are swollen by emigrants, will overflow on the land, and the pursuits of agriculture giving them necessary subsistence, will engage their attention. Already California provides a large part of her own food, and Australia, which latterly has also derived considerable supplies of breadstuffs from the States, will soon provide them for herself. They are too bulky to be imported from the Antipodes when there is an abundance of soil to supply them. Now, this change, which is clearly seen to be the consequence of the natural progress of the people of both countries, will relieve the Eastern States of the Union from the demand of these countries for breadstuffs, and more will be available for Europe. The gold discoveries have not only helped to stimulate industry and consumption in Europe, they have also caused a stream of people, and of food for them, to flow from the resources of the older States; these will speedily be so far changed, that the stream of people will still flow on, but it will be to create there food for themselves and others.

Another change worthy of notice is obviously in progress. We adverted last week to the immense number of Germans who now emigrate to the United States, and will there become more powerful food producers than in their own country. They will help to supply the wants of Europe. This large immigration continues. At the same time a severe check has been given to the trade of the United States, to the progress of railway making, to coal and ore getting, and to manufactures. None of these is now so profitable as it was, and the check given to manufacturing and commercial pursuits, combined with a high price of agricultural produce, will direct a more than usually large proportion of the emigrants to agricultural pursuits. The railways

already made have opened up great districts to the plough, have made them convenient of access, and have brought them comparatively close to a large market, where there is a lively and a continual demand for agricultural products. A greater proportion, therefore, of the enterprise of the Americans will be this year and the next, and probably for some years, directed to agriculture than of late. As low prices and small profits naturally drive men from any particular business or prevent them from engaging in it, so high prices and large profits naturally attract them to the businesses where they can be obtained. The high price of wheat now induces the farmers to sow more in England, and, in like manner, but on

a more extended scale, the high price which is general in Europe, and which extends to the United States, will everywhere induce an extension of cultivation. We shall only require to wait the return of one or two seasons to find our supplies of breadstuffs greatly increased and the prices greatly reduced. The progress noticed in California of an extension of agriculture from an extension of mining operations, is a representation of what is naturally going on throughout Europe and America. The increase latterly of a town population by the extension of trade, is causing a high price of agricultural produce, and agriculture will be extended in Europe as well as in California.

OUR BILL FOR THE LAST WAR.

THE Parliamentary paper just issued by the Treasury on the motion of Mr. Hume, exhibiting the loans, subsidies, and other advances to foreign states, from 1793 to 1853, is a useful memorandum; but it is one that, taken by itself, is calculated to have an effect the very opposite to that intended. Strict commercial men may be dismayed at the expenditure of so much as 64,000,000*l.* in the wars of other states; may be astounded at the repayment of only 620,000*l.*; and may be confirmed in their anti-military opinions by such an array of figures. Others, less careful, may feel relieved that the whole amount of sacrifice was only 60,000,000*l.*—not more than the gross of a year's income; and almost all of the loss was before 1816—more than a generation ago, in the days of our forefathers, when they were not so wise as we are now. It is a bad debt, easily forgotten, except as a matter of curiosity.

But the direct payments incurred by the war, in the form of loans and subsidies to foreign states, were not all that we expended. We do not here allude to more than a million and a half given in arms and clothing, provisions and stores, to countries which, like Austria, Prussia, and Russia, might have been supposed to be above aid of that kind. It would be an outrageous under-statement, to reckon the sacrifice of our money to foreign states, at 50,000,000*l.* or 60,000,000*l.* It is, indeed, difficult to get at the exact sum, but we can approach it, and to a certain extent estimate its enormity. During the ten years, between 1803 and 1814, our government war expenditure exceeded 800,000,000*l.*; but even that does not represent the sacrifice.—With that expenditure, we ran largely into debt. Grant that Pitt set the fashion of borrowing at extravagant rates, and only redeemed his credit, as a financier towards the close of his life; grant that foreign states could not be answerable for our wasteful modes: still we must confess, that a heavy balance of the debt towards which we annually pay some 26,000,000*l.*, or more, in the shape of interest, must be set down to that war, and, consequently, our annual payments of interest on the national debt equally belong to that privileged period.

Now, that war was designed mainly for Con-

tinental purposes. In this country, prejudice, and especially Royal prejudice, was engaged, but the interests to be served, the personal purposes to be secured, the military objects to be attained, were those principally of the French, Prussian, Austrian, and Russian, Royal Families; and the larger part of our expenditure was laid out to obtain those objects and purposes. — Unlike many other kinds of exports, a very large part of this money positively went to the Continent, without commercial return. Quite independently of any question about "the balance of trade," therefore, we may safely say, that the larger portion of that immense sum of money, towards which we are still paying, and shall pay for uncounted years, was sacrificed for foreign purposes.

What is now our repayment? We find that we expended the larger part of that enormous sum to set up, in Paris, an antiquated monarchy, which could not keep its own place, it was so totally repugnant to the state of the time and country; and that the permanent result of our effort has been to strengthen our arch-enemy, and to establish that system by which he has gradually been rendering our allies his vassals. The object of the war expenditure was to establish monarchy, non-constitutional, according to the old "rights of monarchy;" and we have the reward of our infidelity to our national faith and standards. The subsidies are the smallest part of the bill; the new war expenditure is a reopening bill; but the money cost, large as it is, might be dismissed as dross, if we must not add to it, also, the blood, the misery, and the shame, that we have expended to establish that false system, against which we, ourselves, are now obliged to join in conflict.

It has been our custom to consider foreign states only as "officially" represented; we did so throughout the old war: now we may learn, not only how much safer are constitutional states, with regard to the internal peace and welfare of their inhabitants, but how much safer they are as neighbors. Stronger to repel, they must be slower to attack; and they are more frank in the declaration of their purposes, whether in peace or war. We have worked out the moral of an old mistake of which the future should present the reverse.—*Spectator*, 25th Nov.

From *The Spectator*.

BELL'S EDITION OF WALLER.*

THERE is luck in literary fame, as well as in more material things. This is shown in the long celebrity of Waller and his perhaps assured traditional reputation. For a century and a half, everybody admired or talked of his ease, his correctness, and what not. Pope, in early youth, seemed to think that excellence in verse was to be attained by combining the "strength" of Denham and the "sweetness" of Waller. In maturer age he diminished his praise by changing the epithet to "smoothness," and speaking of that slightly.

"Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine."

This smoothness, after all, was exaggerated, at first through comparison with the ruggedness and carelessness of his immediate contemporaries, Donne and others. Waller has some limping lines; very many are only verses tested by the fingers. They are continually affected or trifling in thought and feeble in expression. Neither is he entitled to the praise of so much originality as has generally been ascribed to him. He might be more regular throughout, than his predecessors of Elizabeth's age; regularity being measured by mechanical scanning. In spirit and varying melody he fell far below Spenser,—whose style and versification (not his diction only) it was the fashion, from some caprice of taste, to depreciate for nearly two centuries. In the mechanism of verse, Waller was probably surpassed by Davies, as well as by his admitted master, Fairfax, and certainly by many of the dramatists. The fact had not escaped Johnson, though his studies were scarcely Elizabethan. Waller, he observes in the "Lives of the Poets," "certainly very much excelled in smoothness most of the writers who were living when his poetry commenced. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model; and he might have studied with advantage the poem of [Sir John] Davies, which, though merely philosophical, yet seldom leaves the ear ungratified."

In comprehensiveness Waller was not wanting; for many of his ideas are large and his lines weighty. His essential deficiency was that of vigor and earnestness. He seems to have looked on life like a gentleman whose troubles were limited to ill-success in gallantry, and whose aspirations reached no higher than fashions, lords, princes, kings and queens. He passed the greater part of his long life (1605-1687) in Parliaments. His judgment was sound, when not perverted by private passion, to which he is said to have been prone. His style was clear and pure; his argument telling, and seasoned by wit and pleasantry. With his audience he was

popular; yet he had no political hold on any party. He was alike in life as in literature,—ending as he began:—

A poet the first day he dipped his quill;
And what the last?—a very poet still.

He scarcely teaches; he never touches. Indeed, his subjects hardly admitted of either effect; for they were generally on love or compliment, or events connected with great persons, in which compliment was the main design. This choice of topics, in which his world was interested (for even his Flavius and Sylvias were doubtless known in their day), contributed to his reputation during life, but detracts from it now. Perhaps, however, he wanted strength to sustain himself on any subject. Cromwell was his loftiest theme; and had the entire Panegyric been equal to its opening and some particular stanzas, the fame of the poet would have been more real than it is.

While with a strong and yet gentle hand
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repressed.

* * * * *
The sea's our own; and now all nations greet
With bending sails each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath placed this island to give law
To balance Europe, and her States to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Waller was the poet of compliment; but occasionally a spice of satire may be detected under his choicest flatteries or his happiest turns. There seems a censure of regard for money in one of his most vigorous pieces,—the epitaph on Lady Sedley, mother of the poet:—

Here lies the learned Savil's heir;
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;
And she so well improved that stock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That wit and fortune, reconciled
In her, upon each other smiled.

As we have said, he rarely pointed a lesson; when he did, it was generally epicurean.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

Sees not my love how Time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers?

* Poetical Works of Edmund Waller. Edited by Robert Bell. [Annotated Edition of the English Poets.] Published by Parker and Son.

Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours;
Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen,
Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, who finds out faces
In the most retired places.

But whether Waller was the poet which our ancestors considered him for nearly two centuries, or the lucky versifier of fashion, which he will probably be deemed hereafter, his poems are essential to every book-case; and here they are in a very presentable form, at a price little if at all beyond that for which they can be picked up at a stall. His temporary allusions render illustration very necessary; and such Mr. Bell has added in foot-notes. He has also gone over Johnson's "Life of Waller," with omissions (not in every case commendable), and additions of information since discovered, or doubtful facts verified; with comments and introductions in the modern manner,—such as this picture of Saccharissa:—

Her picture may be seen in the gallery at Penshurst. It disappoints, at first sight, the expectations raised by the descriptions of Waller; but upon closer examination, we may detect in its compound expression the blended features of Philoclea and Pamela, traced in it by the poet. Latent energy and a royal temper sleep under large, languishing eyes; and even in the softness of a commodious person, a blond complexion and sunny hair, there are unmistakable suggestions of pride and haughty reserve. The figure is voluptuous, perhaps a little coarse; and the whole character has that exacting air of indolence which typifies the union of a strong will and a constitutional love of ease.

This "coarseness," which time would develop, may account for the anecdote of the lover and the lady meeting in old age, when Saccharissa asked the poet, "when he would again write such verses upon her." Unless there was something in the manner of the question to justify rebuke, the reply of Waller had a touch of malice in it: "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you were then."

From the "Knickerbocker Gallery."

THE SNOW SHOWER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stand here by my side, and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow:
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come,
From the chambers beyond that misty veil.
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening
crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,

Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake,
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy
height.
The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

From the Economist, 25 Nov.

BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

THE *Gazette* on Wednesday published the official accounts of the Battle of Inkermann, one of the "most severe" ever fought, and one of the most honorable to the British arms. Their renown goes on increasing; and Inkermann, though not so fruitful in consequences as Waterloo, surpasses it probably by the prodigious exertions required to repel the force by which the Allies were assailed. Eight thousand English troops and six thousand French repulsed and defeated sixty thousand Russians, led on and encouraged by a Royal Prince, and excited by the exhortations of their priests. The Russian soldiers, they were told, when taken prisoners, were cruelly tortured and starved by the Allies, and they were abjured in the name of their God and their Czar to extirpate the infidels and revenge their slaughtered countrymen. They were animated, too, by a grosser spirit than fanaticism; but the combined influence of the priest and the Prince, of religion and of brandy, though it made them willingly sacrifice their lives, was insufficient to overcome the steady, unflinching bravery of their more enlightened opponents. A more deadly contest was hardly ever waged. The loss on the side of the Allies was 2,612 English killed, wounded, and missing, and 1,724 French—a total of 4,336 men. The French had one general and one colonel killed; we had three generals killed and four wounded, one of whom has since died. The Russians confess to a loss of 2,967 killed and 5,701 wounded. Among the latter are two generals and 201 superior and subaltern officers. General Soimonoff was killed. Lord Raglan, who was present at all the Duke of Wellington's great battles, "never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented," and he estimates the total loss of the Russians at not less than 15,000 men. The forces attacked destroyed or disabled a number of men almost equal to themselves, and more than a fourth of them met a like fate. For the Allies the victory was glorious, and, we believe, its consequences will be most important.

A notion has got abroad, begotten perhaps by our own press, that the army was enfeebled.

The long peace and the luxuries of our increasing civilization, it was supposed, had unfitted our army for the hardships of actual warfare. This delusion has been at once and forever dissipated, and it has been again proved, as of old it was remarked of the French nobility, that the refinements of life enhance the sensibility to reputation and increase the courage of the chivalrous soldier. Without honor, life has to him no charms, and the more he values the enjoyments of society, the more energetic he becomes in battle. Officers and soldiers have alike convinced the world of this truth. Crowds of youths of noble family or exalted station have shared all the dangers of this contest, and have fallen by the side of the humblest soldier. Among the slain are some of the noblest names of the peer-

age of every part of the kingdom—Eliots, Pakenhams, Hunter Blairs, and Cathcarts. All ranks have vied with each other, and the aristocratic classes, nursed in the utmost refinement of luxury, have been distinguished for their daring and their losses.

It was supposed, too, that to give the soldier education and release him from the degrading discipline to which he was heretofore exposed, would make him less fit for his duties. The campaign in the Crimea, from the first day of landing to the date of the last despatches, is a refutation of the old theory, and affords a proud satisfaction to those amongst us who, for half a century, have strenuously contended for the extension of freedom and humanity amongst all classes of the military. At no time has a greater readiness been exhibited by the multitude to serve the State, whether in the army or navy, and never have the soldiers and sailors conducted themselves more honorably, more bravely, and more skilfully. They have shown themselves every way worthy of their country and of its progress in the civil arts. They have demonstrated that the highest refinement—that even womanly tenderness of manner—is not inconsistent with the most manly courage. They have won a proud name for themselves, and they have redeemed civilization from a reproach. They have made themselves terrible to barbarians who have been taught to believe they could make an easy conquest of an enervated people, and have at once convinced them that to be great they, too, must become civilized. They have ensured, by the display of vigor and power, the future peace of society, and guaranteed its progress against all barbarian enterprise. Since the Romans, not knowing how to beat back the barbarians, bribed them to be temporarily quiet, and encouraged them to make further conquests, civilization has always appeared to be in danger from barbarism. The campaign in the Crimea has already put an end to this fear, and established for civilized men a superiority in arms as in the peaceful arts.

It is not for us to re-describe a battle which Lord Raglan, in his despatches, has described with admirable simplicity and clearness; nor is it for us to mete out approbation to individuals in a case which lies beyond our ordinary pursuits, where all appear to have been equally brave and skilful;—we can only record the general conviction that the army in the Crimea has equalled, if it have not surpassed, all the previous feats of our armies. On this occasion they were aided, cheered, and encouraged by the equally noble exertions of their Allies, and, as long as the English and French stand side by side, the peace of the whole world may be assured.

A BAD BILL. An exchange, describing a counterfeit bank bill, says the vignette "is cattle and hogs, with a church in the distance!" A good illustration of the world.

From The Spectator.

GERSTAECKER'S WILD SPORTS IN
THE FAR WEST, AND TALES OF
THE DESERT AND THE BUSH.*

A NATURAL restlessness and love of rambling, combined with a taste for field-sports, had much to do with Mr. Gerstäcker's adventures in America. Neglect of good advice lent a helping hand. While Gerstäcker was passing through a sort of quarantine at New York, with a number of steerage passengers who had arrived from Bremen, a countryman presented himself and made a speech.

He was a baker, who had been about thirty years in America, and had realized a handsome fortune; he came with the praiseworthy intention of giving us good advice. The good man might have saved his trouble; for, wise in our own conceits, like all new-comers, we knew better than he did. He had lived principally in Pennsylvania, and like all the people of that State, he addressed each as "thou." He cautioned us against the Americans, telling us that they would cheat us whenever they could. "But," said he, "if you must trust to any one, trust an American sooner than a German. It is a disgrace to the Germans; but it is too true. Beware of them, for they are much worse towards their own countrymen than others; because," added he, confidentially, "they are the simplest. When you land at New York, don't go into any of the low public houses near the landing-place,—William Tell, and such like,—they are all dens of thieves. And now if you do,—you have been warned,—it will be your own faults, and you can't complain." He continued for some time giving us advice on this subject; and although, at that time, I made no exception to the general rule of knowing better, disbelieving his calumnious warnings, because they did not agree with my preconceived fixed opinions, I found afterwards that his words were unfortunately but too true.

After he got tired of strolling about New York, Mr. Gerstäcker invested his funds in a tobacconist's shop in the Broadway, as partner with a German. He had some misgivings, but as everybody spoke well of his intended, he gulped them down. The confinement of business suited him less than doing nothing; so he started on a trip to Niagara and the West, with rather uncertain objects in view beyond amusement and observation. His partner remained behind to wind up matters, and transmit our green man his share of the proceeds—of which he never touched a cent.

* *Wild Sports of the Far West.* By Frederick Gerstäcker. Translated from the German. With tinted illustrations, by Harrison Weir. Published by Routledge and Co.

Tales of the Desert and the Bush. From the German of Frederick Gerstäcker. Published by Constable and Co.

As long as the scanty funds he carried with him lasted, he travelled economically, but much like other people. When he reached the line of frontier States that stretch Southward from the Lakes to Texas, he travelled on foot, and lived as he could. He shot game, and ate it or sold it. Sometimes he fell in with a countryman, who welcomed him for love of "fatherland." Occasionally he encountered a hospitable settler, who lodged him gratuitously for the night. When completely "hard up," he took a spell of work; but as the labor market was then fully supplied from an influx of emigrants, or the Europeans were unfit for the kind of work required, he was thrown upon a very irksome species of toil.

As nothing in the way of work was to be found in the town [Little Rock], I went to the river to try and get something to do on board a steamer. The steamers Fox and Harp were moored side by side. I went first on board the Fox, and was engaged as fireman, at \$30.00 a month. In an hour the boat started. I was quite contented, and had no trouble with my luggage. We ran down the Arkansas to its mouth, then up the Mississippi to Memphis, and back again to Little Rock. The work of a fireman is as hard as any in the world; though he has only four hours in the day and four in the night to keep up the fires, yet the heat of the boilers, the exposure to the cutting cold night air when in deep perspiration, the quantity of brandy he drinks to prevent falling sick, the icy cold water poured into the burning throat,—must, sooner or later, destroy the soundest and strongest constitution. How I, unaccustomed to such work, managed to stand it, has often surprised me.

In addition, there was the dangerous work of carrying wood, particularly in dark and wet nights. One has to carry logs of four or five feet in length, six or seven at a time, down a steep, slippery bank, sometimes 15 or 20 feet in height, when the water is low, and then to cross a narrow, tottering plank, frequently covered with ice, when a single false step would precipitate the unfortunate fireman into the rapid, deep stream,—an accident which indeed happened to me another time, in the Mississippi. It is altogether a miserable life; offering, moreover, a prospect of being blown up,—no uncommon misfortune, thanks to the rashness of the American engineers.

The greater part of the time M. Gerstäcker remained in the United States—1837-'42—was passed as a hunter in Arkansas and Texas; the game he shot supplying him with food, the skins of animals exchanging for dollars or such few articles as he required, and the hospitality of acquaintances furnishing him with means of relaxation; or he undertook some work in connection with his farm.

His book is full of adventures both as regards travel and sport. Some of them, indeed,

have a questionable air, as if the literary sketcher had been at work with his pencil; but this may be owing to the German manner of the writer rather than to actual exaggeration. The narrative presents a good picture of the far West as it was a dozen years ago; and though the regions which Gerstaecker found very thinly peopled are now filled up, the same sort of life is going on further West; your genuine backwoodsman continually shifting before the advance of regular settlement. The life itself is hard—very. Every vicissitude of weather attends the regular sportsman, from severe cold or parching heat to soaking rain or marsh exhalations. Fatigue is always his companion; hunger, when he is unlucky in the chase and he has exhausted his supplies; the food itself is of little variety, and eaten without bread or condiments. In the lowlands of Arkansas, and of course in those of any flat, well-watered territory, both the hunter and the settler is liable to severe ague, the standing complaint. The life, however, has its attraction; and those who are to the "manner born," or take to it early, seem never to quit it. Almost as a matter of course, these frontier districts are infested by depraved or criminal persons who have fled from other States; but the bulk of the regular settlers seem an honest, worthy set of people, kind, hospitable, simple, and with strange notions of Europe and royalty.

By this time dinner was ready, and after dinner we took a siesta; then, what with reading and conversation, it was evening before we were aware. I was now asked to give information about the Old World, and to tell them whether kings would take off people's heads when they chose; and how houses were built when there was so little wood; and what people did in the winter. They were much astonished when I mentioned that we did not grow Indian corn, nor let the cattle run wild; but when I said that we sometimes planted trees, the children shook their heads, and even the old ones thought that I was practising on their credulity. They also wanted to know if kings and queens always wore their crowns, and if they walked about with their sceptres; and what the nobility looked like.

The account which the author gives of the labor market in the West is not encouraging. It may have been temporary slackness, or it may have changed since he was there. Possibly he is not exactly the kind of man to judge of work, not being steadily devoted thereto himself. We incline, however, to agree with his general conclusion—that in America a man must work harder and live harder than in Europe, but then he has hope ever before him for his family and his old age.

Many a reader, while turning over the pages of this work, will seek in vain the wonted glowing descriptions of the riches and plenty which

the dwellers in the West are reputed to enjoy. It is true that the American farmer, commencing operations with small means, may, by dint of very strenuous exertions, realize an independence in a shorter time than would suffice for this object in our old fatherland; but, on the other hand, he must be prepared to renounce everything that gladdened his heart in his native country; and only too quickly will he discover, that to wean himself from the comforts to which he has been from childhood accustomed, to quit the society and intercourse of the civilized world, and to seek in a far land a life of freedom indeed, but likewise of solitude and privation, is a harder task than it at first appeared. And not every man is sufficiently strong of heart, to bear the emigrant's lot without a murmur.

The book as translated is very readable. It emanates from Messrs. Routledge, and forms one of their cheap editions—cheap, that is, in proportion to the quantity of matter and the "getting up" of the volume. The illustrations are spirited as far as the pencil drawing goes, but are rather derived from fancy than reality. The animal of the frontispiece is not an American buffalo.

In the *Tales of the Desert and the Bush*, Gerstaecker has thrown his American experience and that of a subsequent voyage round the world into the form of fiction, though the most valuable part of the matter is certainly the result of travel. One only out of six tales,—"Bell the Wolf," in which a lover defeats his treacherous rival by catching a wolf and fixing a bell upon it—is laid in the scene and drawn directly from the subject of his wild sports; though "The German and his Child" gives a slight picture of emigrant life at Cincinnati. Of the other four, one is a story of the pursuit and escape of a fugitive slave; another exhibits the suffering of an Indian girl illegally entrapped into slavery; the third is founded on a white child carried off by Indians and becoming a chief; in the fourth the reader is taken to New Zealand, and introduced to the natives and their vengeance on a rascally European. The fiction is further continued by some "Letters from German Emigrants," who describe things in America according to their particular character or object. The book has literary cleverness, and its trans-Atlantic matter imparts variety. But we prefer the writer's fact to his fiction. The tales have no essential freshness. As regards treatment, we have met the same things over and over again in various American stories; though the German public may not. The pictures of life, landscape, and sport, are real and solid; the persons are rather conventional in their romance; the dialogue is somewhat empty. This too is a comparatively cheap book; forming part of Mr. Constable's "Miscellany of Foreign Literature."

From the Economist.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF COAL.

If each interest of society is to receive a proportionate share of attention, and we attempt to form an idea of what is due to the whole, from the space occupied by some little portions in our journals, such as the question of the sale of beer on Sundays, we are overwhelmed with astonishment at the immense quantity which must be written and spoken. The occupation and duties of men are becoming every day more numerous, and more and more is every day written and published concerning them. Nor is there any apparent probability of the progress stopping. Wider and wider becomes the circle which the railroad, the steamboat and the telegraph bring under our cognizance, and more and more densely is that circle packed with human beings and living human interests. A short time ago, if a public journalist could give a fair account of what the statesman in his own and in one or two neighboring countries were doing or had done, he had performed the whole of his duty; but now a public journal embraces all the interests of society: they all claim our regard, and they are extending so fast that no journal pretends to include more than a small portion, and includes of that only an imperfect account.

What the journalist, with all his outstretched arms of reporters, correspondents, and contributors, assisted by journals of all descriptions from all places, by daily reports brought by telegraphs, railways and steam-packets, cannot even learn and necessarily fails fully to describe, men with less information cannot direct; and the growing magnitude of society, with its rapidly-increasing means of communication, which, by uniting the interests of distant portions, is equivalent to increasing the whole, seems rapidly carrying it away from that control by individuals hitherto considered necessary for order and safety.

Under this looming truth we welcome every proof, from whatever quarter derived, of a material provision carefully prepared for the growth and welfare of society, like the lately discovered fields of gold in the Pacific, which have poured forth their abundance for the use of Europe, just as Europe was languishing for a new stimulus to extend its cultivation, its manufactures, and trade, in order to become an improved habitation for a more numerous people.

It is now apparent that fuel, especially coal, is the indispensable element, as it has been described by M. Aug. Visschers, of modern industry. It engenders force—it gives power—it is offered by Nature to man as the means of conquering all opposing forces. "It is to industry what oxygen is to the lungs, water to the plant, nourishment to the animal." Hence the importance of knowing how it is distributed over the globe. It has increased the force of our people tenfold. Combined with freedom, it is the chief source of our greatness. Without it, or some similar means of gaining force, we should not increase, other nations could not increase, and the progress of England would soon be stopped for want of power and of thriving customers. Coal has been called the civilizer—an

honor which it only shares with all the other parts of the material world; but, as it is obviously necessary to the progress of industry, it is gratifying to find immense stores of it laid up in the great Western Continent, the common gathering place and future home of all the hitherto scattered and conflicting families of mankind. The outstretched plains, the fertile vales, the well-timbered hills of America, have already practically convinced all the old nations of the world, chiefly acquainted with those means of power, and which have for some time flocked and are now flocking to it in greater numbers than ever, that it is intended for the abode in peace of the increasing millions of the human race; and this great truth is confirmed in detail by finding in it immense coal-fields, destined to subserve man through countless ages, and enable him to achieve triumphs of industry to which all that he at present boasts of will be like the toys of childhood compared to the implements and instruments of the mature and intelligent artisan.

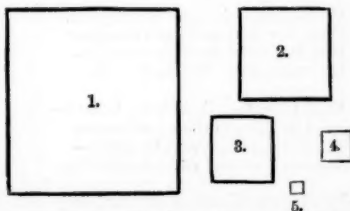
Britain owes her greatness to possessing 8,139 square miles of bituminous coal, and, with Ireland, 3,720 square miles of anthracite and culm. Bituminous coal in the United States extends over an area of 133,132 square miles.* The anthracite of Pennsylvania occupies an area of 437 square miles, and British America has Bituminous coal to the extent of 18,000 square miles.

Of the coal land of Europe and America, nearly three fourths is found in America. Dividing it into a thousand parts, America has 724 of the whole.

Combined with its millions of fertile acres, its pleasant vales, and its navigable rivers, what an insight does this source of power give us of the future of America. How clearly is it intended to be a home for countless millions, and how very contemptible does the policy of the Know-nothings and others, who claim a high reputation as statesmen, and talk of keeping America for the Americans, flash on us in comparison to the obvious destiny of their great country. They would make it sectarian, or limit it to a tribe. Nature intends it for an abode for every part of the human family.

We will make the relative size of the coal fields of the world plain, by copying from Mr. Taylor's book the diagrams by which he represents visibly the proportion of coal in America and Great Britain.

The following figures show the proportionate size of the coal fields of America and England:



* Statistics of Coal, etc. By R. C. Taylor. Second edition, revised and brought down to 1854, by S. S. Haldeman. J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

1. United States of America, Bituminous Coal Area, 133,132 square miles, 1-17th part of the whole. 124,735 square miles east of the Mississippi River, 8,897 square miles west of the Missouri River.

2. British America, Bituminous Coal, 18,000 square miles, 1-45th.

3. Great Britain, Bituminous Coal, 8,139 square miles.

4. Great Britain and Ireland, 3,720 square miles Anthracite and Culm, 1-10th of the whole area.

5. Anthracite of Pennsylvania, 437 square miles.

Other countries have coal. France has 1,719 square miles, Belgium 518 square miles, and Spain 3,408 square miles, and, of all civilized countries, seems to make the least use of this great natural element of power. Austria, too, has coal, though to what extent seems not exactly known. In 1845, the produce of her collieries raised was 659,340 tons, about the sixth part of the annual supply of London. Russia is not recorded in the work we refer to as having coals, except in her American possessions beyond Icy Cape and Point Barrow, where our navigators have observed an abundance of coal. She is said by other authorities to possess some on the shores of the Sea of Azoff, and the entire produce of the mines is supposed to be about 3,000,000 poods, and exertions, it is said, are making to extend the workings, and procure

more coal. Possessing but little coal, however, she can scarcely share to any great extent in that improved industry which is now the strength and wealth of society, and will henceforward be so more and more.

How the respective nations of the world use the great power that slumbers in their coal beds is thus stated:—

	Annual Production. Tons.
Great Britain,.....	31,500,000
Belgium,.....	4,960,000
United States,.....	4,880,000
France,.....	4,100,000
Prussia (includes Saxony),.....	3,500,000
Austria,.....	7,000

Spain, though possessing coal, is not mentioned in the book as working it, and neglects this as she has hitherto much neglected many other sources of wealth and power. We may again advert to the useful work from which we have gathered these particulars. It does honor to the industry of the Americans; and though Mr. Taylor was an Englishman by birth, and one of that family which has long been distinguished by its connection with the mineral interests of England, he had for many years made America his home before death terminated his many valuable labors.

LOST AND SAVED

(From the "Portland Eclectic.")

Darkly falls the stormy even,
Fiercely frowns the angry heaven—
While the bitter wind is calling,
And the driving sleet is falling.

Homeless, parentless, and lonely,
Cared for by the angels only,
Roams a child, unblest by pity,
Through the mazes of the city.

Darkness, wind, and storm are fearful,
Yet the night is bright and cheerful
To the guilt and sin which hover
Darkly round the homeless rover.

No kind father's eye beholds her,
No fond mother's love enfolds her,
And when evening's shadows gather,
Teaches her to say "Our Father!"

Round her neck, with soft caresses,
Cling her wild, neglected tresses—
Hail and snow, with icy spangles,
Gemming all their golden tangles.

None to smooth their wavy beauty—
None to guide to right and duty—
None to show her worldly favor—
None to love, and none to save her.

Lost! poor friendless one, for ever,
Cast away on life's wild river—

Lost! amid its wild commotion,
Rushing down to sin's dark ocean.

Where a proud and stately dwelling
Is of wealth and splendor telling—
By fatigue and sleep o'ertaken,
Sinks at last the poor forsaken.

On the marble steps reclining,
Pillowed by her tresses shining,
With the snow around her heaping,
Sinks she to her chilly sleeping.

Bright the eye of morning flashes,
Beaming from its jetty lashes—
Still with weary head reclining,
Sleeps the child with tresses shining.

O'er her form the snow hath drifted,
And among her loose locks sifted—
Silent lies she—white and frozen,
On the spot in terror chosen.

Saved! from wretchedness and error,
Saved from guilt's remorseless terror—
Saved from sorrow's weary wearing,
Saved from hopeless, dark despairing.

"Saved!" the angel band are saying,
"Saved from sinning, saved from straying;
Gladly we the lost lamb gather
To the bosom of our Father!"

MIST.

From the Athenæum.

The Writings of Douglas Jerrold. Collected Edition. 8 vols. Bradbury & Evans.

It is the remark of Milton that fame and perpetuity of praise are the rewards conferred on those whose published works advance the good of mankind; and he adds, that this recompense is made by the consent of "God and good men,"—meaning, we assume, by the latter, the critics. Horace made the award of immortal fame to rest with the higher powers alone; yet the friend of Augustus uttered nothing very dissimilar to the remark of our Latin Secretary, when he said, "*Dignum laude virum Musa velat mori.*"

When an author presents his collected works to the public, we see them as he wishes them to meet the eyes and challenge the verdicts of contemporaries and of posterity.

In this collected form we now possess the works of Mr. Jerrold, and a re-perusal of them serves to confirm our original opinion, that their object is to advance the good of mankind; that to this object there has been a devotion of rare skill, undoubted originality, imperturbable good temper,—concealed, perhaps, occasionally under an apparent fierceness of phrase and a force and flash of wit at once dazzling and delightful. A body of works more original, either in the artistic construction or in the informing spirit has not been added to the national literature in our time.

An especial charm in these works is, the visible earnestness of purpose of their author. In pleasant legends as in plaintive stories he teaches invaluable truths; and we should never suspect him of saying what Gerson was wont to say after one of his sermons,—that he preached what he did not exactly believe, but that people, nevertheless, would do well to give credence to it. Our feeling that Mr. Jerrold speaks under conviction renders the arguments and illustrations in his stories doubly powerful and attractive. He has, indeed, been accused of undue harshness against the aristocracy—(he alludes to the charge in the Introduction to his 'St. Giles and St. James'),—and he has been said to be best pleased and most effective when he is railing. With regard to the first charge, especially in as far as it applies to the work just named, we think it cannot be sustained; and as to the second, the railing seems to us a literary vehicle rather than a natural expression. An author dealing with manners must have a vice to buffet, and he takes the one which best suits his purpose,—like the Westminster boys in James the Second's time, who, not being allowed to burn the Pope, burned Jack Presbyter, which at once satisfied the conscience and the appetite for fun.

We do not, however, indorse all Mr. Jerrold's sentiments. It is very true that St. James in brocade may learn something of St. Giles in tatters; but in the tale which receives its title from these two names, there are conclusions which do not naturally follow the premises, and effects traced to causes which have not produced them. They remind us of the Spanish writers who declare that the baldness of the people on the Ebro is caused by the thick fogs which prevail there in autumn! Still the story is a fearful story,—the real hero of which, like Macbeth, is doomed to be guilty and miserable, despite himself. The close of the story, perhaps, is faulty; for after all, society cannot be so badly organized wherein an out-cast like St. Giles is enabled to take firm footing, and flourish in honesty, among honorable men.

It must be confessed that society is severely scourged in this story: would that we could add, with corresponding amendment as a result. It would really seem with regard to some vices as if they were kept up, like tops, by whipping. The vice of our middle classes is extravagance,—an extravagance often resting on speculation, but not the less ruinous on that account. No human infirmity, to give the crime a tender name, has been so mercilessly whipped as this, or so ineffectually. Other vices occasionally sink into a less alarming statistical form, but even *they* exist under altered titles or slight modifications,—just as the plague takes the polite name of typhus, and that which existed among us as "leprosy," before Columbus dreamed of going to America, has now another name in the dictionary of diseases. Authors whose vocation it is to scourge social failings need never stand still for lack of occupation; and for that reason we trust often yet to meet with Mr. Jerrold at his old employment. We will hope that we may have many a good story from him yet. He need not lay aside his pen with an idea that it has no longer a vocation,—as the Highlanders did their targets when, after the '45, they converted them into lids for their butter barrels.

We may add, with respect to 'St. Giles and St. James,' that if it have not the simplicity of 'Un Philosophe sous les Toits,'—nor the terrible severity of 'Riche et Pauvre,'—nor the painful interest of 'L'Homme et l'Argent,' it has qualities of which none of those well-known productions can boast. It especially excels in touches of character. How well is it said of Capstick, that "he wore his hatred of mankind as he would have worn a diamond ring,—a thing at once to be put in the best light and to be very proud of." What an admirable daguerreotype, too, is Mrs. Canary! How exquisitely does the author dilate on the advantages of ugliness!—so exquisitely that as we glance at the mirror we almost regret to find

ourselves looking handsome! 'Bright Jem' is evidently a favorite with the author; but that well-spoken linkman is like a witness who proves too much. He is *not* an accident; and Jem's youth must have had training, and that in a good school. Like Dr. Garth, Jem is a good Christian without knowing it; but he is not all-ignorant on that point, albeit a little loose in applying his theology,—as though he had been a pupil of Bishop Aylmer, who every Sunday prayed in the morning, and in the afternoon played at bowls! Not that the linkman's practice is inferior to that of the rich people in the neighboring parish, particularly of the *mere* church-goers whom Mr. Jerrold so amusingly, yet so seriously, castigates. But the castigation is richly merited, for there is a hebdomadal humility among certain classes which reminds us of the Spanish meekness on Good Fridays, when grandees lay aside their carriages and horses, and go to church in gorgeous sedan-chairs, as evidences of their lowliness of spirit.

La Bruyère wrote "Characters" which have charmed many generations and will charm many more; so graceful are they, so eloquent, so lightly, yet so strikingly outlined. When he draws at full length he puts a fictitious name to his handiwork, as Gilray used to do at the foot of his portrait-caricatures. Mr. Jerrold's "characters" are of another complexion and quality. His gallery is all alive and in action, there is less of sentiment appended to his personages or put in their mouths than is to be found in any of his other works; but then the sentiment is acted, if not spoken, and seldom has wisdom played under so merry, so shifting, and so attractive a mask, or masks, as on this occasion. It is not all merry, however,—there is rue among the flowers, and an occasional savour of bitterness for which the author himself apologizes—in his own ironical humor. Of the eight "characters" we have heard each in turn pronounced to be the best. To our thinking the happiest is Matthew Clear, the man "who saw his way;" and who always reminds us of Watersleben, the German Count who was so exceedingly clear of intellect, that although he had been once at a siege he could never perfectly recollect whether he had been on the side of the besieged or the besiegers.

The originality of conception and expression in these "characters," authorize us to distrust the old classical legend, that Æsop gained the last intellectual gift which Mercury had to bestow. The god had given his prizes in due order; wisdom to one; to a second, eloquence; to a third, astrology; to a fourth, music. According to Schiller, the poet was the last who was enriched, and to him was given the power to sing; but the more ancient legend names Æsop as having been overlooked, and that in

his favor Mercury invented the art of telling stories with a moral to them, and of drawing characters in action. Taking the legend as fact, we may say that Mr. Jerrold has succeeded to the inheritance of Æsop—has improved the property—and is liberal with it to boot. Witness the rich prodigality of his "Cakes and Ale,"—cakes of every variety, ale for all palates, and abundance of both;—with "bitter ale" for those who need a tonic.

We hope Mr. Jerrold will take advice as well as give it. He is not, we would fain think, like the king of Prussia, who, when he took his share of Poland, coined base money which was a legal tender from a Prussian to a Pole, but which a Pole dared not offer to a Prussian without incurring the penalty of a "smasher." Mr. Jerrold, then, we would strongly advise to look to the application of some of his "morals." More than one concluding paragraph to the stories in "Cakes and Ale" cannot be accepted as the "morals" for which they are intended. The Czar makes his state coachman rank as a lieutenant colonel, but no one mistakes the menial for an officer on that account. So are we as little inclined, after reading Mr. Jerrold's inimitable version of the old story of "Brown, Jones and Robinson," to accept the voice of Sir Oracle at the end, which says, "He who was flogged for learning, lived and died a dunce; he who knew little, learned no more; and he who knew all things had this precept scourged into his blood—to make use of none." Against this conclusion we protest. The three delinquents were punished, not because they went respectively to swim, to improve in swimming, or to learn to swim, but because they chose to indulge in that luxury when duty called them to other offices. The wise king has said that there is a time for everything, and the younger Mr. Weller, has humbly imitated the remark in his combined maxim and illustration, which says, "business before pleasure, as one king said when he killed t'other king, afore he went and smothered the babies." Mr. Jerrold compares himself to the maternal hedgehog, who rolled herself among the fallen grapes, and took one home to her young on every prickle. In this case he has brought home a grape that is sour. An inapt moral at the end of a story falls on the mind as unpleasantly as Frederick's flute on the head of his favorite hussar, when at the close of an exquisite air the king smashed his instrument on the skull of the soldier who had been audacious enough to enjoy and to smile applause.

Wrong drawn conclusions remind us of Mrs. Caudle—the lady who, like her grandmother in Dr. Young's satire, could

Shake the curtain with her good advice, and therewith the immortal "Lectures" crowd

upon the memory. These are the *only* lectures that ever were dramatized—a greater honor than Mrs. Warton conferred on a sermon to which she once approvingly listened, and immediately converted into Latin hexameters.

The good Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," cites as a miracle of patience, the much enduring monk who shared his couch with a brother, and lay calmly and unmoved while his bedfellow passed the night in spitting in his face. This was not patience, if Rousseau be right in his definition:—"La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux." The virtue is better exemplified in the case of Caudle, for his never silent lady, like Mohammed's dove, "continually pecked at the good man's ears," and thirty years of such 'pecking' needed a better patience than that of Mr. Butler's insalubrious monk. "Yes, it took thirty years for Mrs. Caudle to lecture and dilate upon the joys, griefs, duties, and vicissitudes comprised within that seemingly small circle—the wedding ring. We say seemingly small, for the thing as viewed by the vulgar, naked eye, is a tiny hoop made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil it circles the whole world; or to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region; it may be Arabia Felix and it may be Arabia Petraea." This is felicitously said by the author in his Introduction, and we may rejoice that his hero Job was not so unhappy a man as we were at first given to think him. His retentive memory and good health as a widower enabled him to show by a recapitulation of his past experience, that patience—as French medical books assert of it—calms the mind and purifies the blood. There is a stupendous moral in Caudle's survivorship. His lady lectured incessantly, he answered sparingly; a clever actuary calculating the project of life insurance, no doubt would have taken Caudle at a lower premium had this fact been made known to him. She wasted in words; he grew fat by silence. What a lesson for the domestic hearth!

Caudle's nuptial couch was not always a Clovernook; but the teacher recumbent in the one reminds us of the sage, ever wakeful, but ever happy, in the other.

"The Chronicles of Clovernook" may not be the most attractive or popular, but it is perhaps the most philosophical—and, with all its fun, the most serious of Mr. Jerrold's works. The Hermit himself has a touch of Rabelais; he is also very nearly akin to that joyous potentate, crowned by Béranger, the "Roi d'Yvetot,"—"peu connu dans l'histoire,"—but winning acknowledgment and allegiance from honest hearts in all lands. The Hermit is not merely a jolly fellow; his jollity and anecdote

have purpose in them, and he tells stories in order to gain acceptance for solemn truths, just as old Latimer embroidered the grave cloth of his sermons with familiar illustrations, and with the light of anecdote made visible his majestic lessons.

We say nothing of the construction of this story. It has its faults, doubtless, for apologies are "kittle cattle to ride"; but these are minor matters, and we forget them in the philosophy which pervades the work throughout. How pleasantly in this way does Mr. Jerrold extend, perhaps without deliberately intending it, the elementary principles, or the system which Descartes himself only succeeded in establishing after sublime and persevering efforts, "*Cogito, ergo sum.*" Most people have been content to stop at the definition as conclusive; but the Clovernook philosophy goes a step further, and when a man says *I think, therefore I am*, he is made to add the really fearful question, and "*who are you?*" The comment on this query is among the brightest of the gems which stud the solemnly jocose Chronicles, like jewels on an old corset. Dr. Wigan has not more felicitously illustrated the duality of the mind than is done here by Mr. Jerrold, when he says:—"Reader, did you ever for one moment say to your own soul—"Who are you?" You know that you are something, but *what* thing? . . . What is it? Did you ever try to bring it face to face with yourself? Did you ever manfully endeavor to pluck for a moment this mystery from your blood, and look at it eye to eye—this *YOU*? It may be a terrible meeting, but sit in the magic circle of your own thoughts and conjure the thing. It may be devil—it may be angel. No. You will take the chance . . . you know that you are you; but for the *what* you, whether perfect as the angels, or scabbed like Lazarus, why should you seek to know?" This illustrates the sort of teaching which is given in the "Chronicles."

We may contrast with it another illustration of the *dual* which was once afforded by the famous Mademoiselle Sophie Arnold, so renowned for her *bonmots*, of which this is the least known, but certainly not the least amusing. It happened that on one occasion the celebrated cantatrice had given a splendid banquet which had attracted the notice of that terrible gentleman, M. de Sartines, Lieutenant of Police. He wished to know the names of the guests, and he summoned the lady to his office. "Mademoiselle," said he, "where did you sup last night?"—"Well, really Monseigneur," said Sophie, "I cannot recollect." "You supped at home, Mademoiselle?"—"It is possible." "You had a large company?"—"Likely enough."—"Among others, people of the first rank?"—"Such is the case occa-

sionally."—"Now who were those persons?" "Monseigneur, I do not remember."—"But it appears to me that a woman like you, ought to remember such things when I require to know them."—"Ah, Monseigneur," exclaimed the lady with her archest look, "that is all very well; but in presence of a man like you, *I am not a woman like me!*"—and the oddity of the phrase saved further questioning, for the powerful Lieutenant laughed, and Sophie kissed her adieu to him *like* the woman that she was.

While on the subject of odd phrases, we may remark that there is probably not an odder one in the 'Chronicles' than that in which the Hermit, discoursing on color in the next world, remarks that "Christian men do not imagine to themselves angels of different colored skins. They do not conceive the notion of black Cherubim. Grave-dust, that truest fuller's earth, surely takes out the Negro stain. I take it, Sir. . . . we all rise alike." This is, at least, a better idea than that which appears to have been entertained by our statues of last century, who represent defunct gentlemen rising in court-dresses and full-bottomed wigs. Indeed, Young has so described the solemn resurrection of "beaux." Now an angel in a wig is a more ridiculous *eidolon* than even a negro angel. But, perhaps, with regard to the Hermit's philosophy on the matter, he may be right in his conclusion; and it may be, hereafter, with our African friends as it is with roses in the Philippine Islands, which go through gradations of color,—are white at sunrise, *roza perfecta* at noon, and are no sooner kissed by the last rays of the sun than they become *perfecta encarnada*, and smell of heaven, a true odor of sanctity.

"Ai, Ai, Heosphorus!"—from the Angels to Lucifer the descent is wide, but Satan himself has had justice done him by the Hermit. Southey somewhere remarks that the devil has not always had his due, and that while we debit him with murders, we take from him the credit of battles and victories. Our saintly Kingly Edward was not slow to do justice to the prince of evil; and among other things told by the "Confessor," was the circumstance of his having taken off a tax, because he saw the devil dancing on the money which had been raised by it.

In the "Chronicles," however, this personage enters a plea and proves it, and in the handling of the plea there is more instruction than in many a volume of sermons. It is too long for extract; but our readers may probably recollect that it partly rests, as Mr. Weller's case did, on the ground of *alibi*. Much ill, laid to the charge of Satan, is proved to have been achieved without his intermeddling; and the declaration that he could not have committed a certain crime, for the reason that at

the time stated he was thousands of miles away supping with Leo X., is a fine satirical sling, which with one stone smites two birds.

We may go further, and say that under exquisite foolery this portion of the "Chronicles" smites that old tenet of the old Arminianism, which maintained a sinless perfection in the individual, and shifted the responsibility of the backslidings of the latter from the shoulders on which it should rest to those of "the Adversary." A story is told of a lady who had accepted this system, and who had reached the "second blessing," a state of perfect sinlessness and perfect love. It happened, however, that when in this happy, but imaginary condition, she was guilty of an offence against her husband, at recollection of which she was so startled that she rushed to consult a spiritual friend. The latter pronounced the sin to have been a consequence of mere animal nature. "Animal nature!" said the lady, growing wise, "no, no, it was animal devil!" and thenceforward she resolved to have done with perfection or with allowing to be attributed to the spirit-devil what the creature-man would have to answer for. It is this sort of justice, by a vittier process, that is rendered to the ancient Diabolus in the "Chronicles of Clovernook."

Many another wrong, social or otherwise, is discussed, with suggestions for remedy, in this volume. Some have a serious, some a comic aspect; a few seem to defy a treatment that shall interest; but Mr. Jerrold, however we may dissent from some of his details, is one of those happy writers who, if he cannot always convince you, can win interest by putting warmth into the coldest subjects. He is like the legendary St. Berach, who could kindle snow by breathing on it.

Witness the treatment of that new Utopia, with its capital of Aysoulike. More is overpraised for what he has done in this way, for he has laid down laws for society which are absurd or cruel. It is true, that he dared not say all he would, and may therefore have been obliged to strangle much new-born wisdom. In this respect, Mr. Jerrold has had the advantage of him; and if he has not succeeded in building a possible edifice, every brick about it conveys its own hint. "And oh what a life should we have of it here," were attorneys to make wills that could not be disputed, and counsel litigants not to go to law,—with the self-denial of that saint who kept a tavern, and all day long was leaning over his bar-door urging his customers not to call for anything to drink! What a state of society must that be where even horse-dealers are horrified at the idea of exaggeration,—the sight of a Bishop in the street is jubilantly hailed as in itself a blessing, and where there are no reverend gentlemen to fling names at dignitaries whose position they envy more than they merit. But

we must leave the Hermit, — and our readers know the entertainment that is to be found in his cell !

As for his philosophy, generally speaking, although it may not always be so pleasantly worded, or so mercurial as that of Punch in his Letters to his Son — letters which have much of the delicious looseness of moral which marks those of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter, — it is perhaps of a sounder quality. In these letters, Punch is not Polonius with a “bosse,” — he is more like Jerome Cardan, brimfull of the ale of wit with crab-apples, tart although they are toasted, swimming and bobbing against the lips of the imbibor. Here is a maxim in the very spirit of old Geronimo — “My son, it is well to drink from your own bottle ; but it is still better to drink from another man's.” It is a Pagan maxim : — and Homer's Greek was perhaps before the Philosopher when he said :

Sweet is the dance and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.

Punch is, in his maxim, even less generously minded than the economical, hearty fellow in “Auld Lang Syne,” who suggested, under the double impulse of good fellowship and fear of a long bill, that —

Surely you'll be your pint stoup, and surely I'll be mine.

— If Punch junior turn out a shabby fellow, he may still answer, as Mustapha does in Fulke Greville's tragedy : —

Is it a fault to be my father's son ?

The wisdom of one portion of the “Complete Letter Writer” is, to our thinking, of a more valuable quality. If we were defied to the proof of this, we should be satisfied with simply quoting a passage which is doubly apt now when the echoes of thunder and the smile of blood, the shouts of the victors and the wail of the vanquished are borne to us from the heights of Alma and the towers of Sebastopol : —

You talk glibly enough of the bed of glory. What is it ? — a battle-field with thousands blaspheming, in agony, about you. Your last moments sweetened, it may be, with the thought that, somewhere on the field lies a bleeding piece of your handiwork — a poor wretch in the death-grasp of torture ! Truly, that is a bed of greater glory which is surrounded by loving hearts, — by hands uplifted in deep, yet cheerful prayer. * * You talk of the nation's tears : in what museum does the nation keep her pocket-handkerchiefs ? * * And then you rave about laurels, — an accursed plant of fire and blood. Count up all the crowns of Cæsar : and, for the honest, healthful

service of man, are they worth one summer-cabbage ? ”

This sort of philosophy is worthy to stand near the rich humor and flashing wit so plentiful in these “Letters.” We wish that *he* especially had been a follower of such philosophy, whose mad ambition has made him the murderer of every man who has fallen in the bloody quarrel of which he, the Czar, is the sole provoker. On such philosophy it is good to dwell ; and it is this teaching, together with acuteness of observation and happiness of expression, that gives to the “Sketches of the English” a more than passing value. There are truths here “not for a season, but for all time.” We would that the “Young Lord” could be made a young lord's weekly lesson through the years when he is more disposed to cut his corn in the blade than to cultivate discretion. It cannot be said that the writer does not temper severity with fairness, justice being in both. All classes come in for their share of what Maurice praises in “Les Manteaux — *portion de schlague et de sentiment*.” If there be a failing, it is in the apparent reluctance with which the writer recognizes the Virtues revolving in our upper social systems. In this he sometimes reminds us of Sir Thomas Brown, who, when correcting vulgar errors, treated with ineffable scorn the idea that the sun was the fixed centre of our system.

We have little space left us to speak of those two able works, the “Story of a Feather,” and “A Man made of Money.” The former is in the hands of more young people than any of Mr. Jerrold's works ; and in the hearts of youthful England his popularity rests on this light, graceful, and instructive story. A general reader will, however, observe that light as is the book, it carries a heavy freight of wisdom, and that it is written in a vein for all perusers. We would not pause to censure light faults where beauty hangs upon the blade of every feather ; and we are reminded to be merciful and tender by the author's own suggestive apology, wherein he tells us that the sick man of Ūz having detected a flaw in his wife's affection, “swore that on his recovery he would deal her a hundred stripes. Job got well, and his heart was touched, and taught by the tenderness to keep his vow and still to chastise his helpmate, for he smote her *once* with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves.”

The “Man made of Money,” reminds us, at once, of Hoffman, Chamisso, and Balzac. Of the first, in the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible ; of Chamisso, in the simplicity and air of truthfulness in the characters who are outside the circle of terror ; and of Balzac, because Jericho's skin is a more genuine “*Peau de Chagrin*” than that which forms the basis of the story so named, by the French

writer. If Jericho proves, in his person, that gold is the blood of the social body, he also proves that he who has too much is as diseased a member as he who has too little; and he is a further testimony to the truth of the maxim which La Bruyère has borrowed from Confu-

cius, that he who esteems gold more than virtue, will lose both gold and virtue. If there be any who have not read this story, they will thank us for not further describing it; and they who have, would take description as impertinence.

THE GREAT SALT MINES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.—The State of Virginia is moving in the great work of internal improvement, and is making a railroad that will reach the great salt mines of their mountains, and in a few years that salt will be distributed over the whole of the Eastern States. Its superior quality will insure for it a ready sale everywhere; for it is better worth \$1.00 per bushel for table use, than any other salt that ever came to our market is worth 25 cents. It is a pure *chloride of sodium*, and will remain as dry as flour in any latitude from the equator to the pole.

This great salt mine is in a trough between two mountains, at an elevation of 1,882 feet above the level of the sea, and near the waters of the north fork of Holston River, a tribute of the river Tennessee; and is near the rivers of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, where these border on a south-western point of the State of Virginia.

The fossil salt lies about 220 feet below the surface of the ground, and is encased in a vast deposit of gypsum.

About ten years since, two boxes of geological specimens were sent to me from these mines and from the surrounding country. In re-packing these into other boxes, some pieces of the fossil were put in a box with specimens of iron ore from the great iron ore beds of Northern New York, and remained in that connection until the present year. On being opened, the specimens were all in good order,—the salt not having in the least corroded the iron, or produced any rust.

I have no doubt that deposit of salt resulted from volcanic action. New River, the head of one of the tributaries of the Great Kanawha River, is near this salt mine, and is undoubtedly the source of the saline supplies of the deep wells of Kanawha; but in its course thither it undergoes a change, and when raised from the deep wells, is found there to contain bromine in great abundance.

The Kanawha salines are among the wonders of the world. The salt water comes to the surface from a depth of 2,000 feet, and is as cold as a northern blast in winter; thus exploding the theory that the heat increases in the earth *everywhere*, as progress is made downward.

The gas which issues from these deep wells is in abundance sufficient to illuminate the entire Northern Hemisphere, and rises with a force that is sufficient to throw a cannon-ball a considerable distance.

In the excavations made in the neighborhood of the salt mines of Virginia, the bones of the Behemoth are found of a size indicating an animal as large as the hull of a ship-of-the-line.

I have no doubt the table-salt of our market will, in three years, be supplied by the Virginia salt mines; and even now, our grocers cannot do better than to send to the salt mines of Virginia for pure table salt for the supply of their customers, who want a good article.

E. MERIAM.

CAPTAIN STANLEY AND WILLIAM IV.—It is with regret that we have read in the return of officers killed in the battle of Inkermann that Captain Stanley of the 57th Regiment, is amongst them. Captain Stanley was a native of Dublin, and was connected with the family of the late Sir Edward Stanley. When very young, being fond of a military life, he entered the service of the Queen of Portugal, and distinguished himself in action at Oporto in July, 1833, where he received a severe wound in the arm. He continued to serve in Portugal and Spain until 1835, when the order of the Tower and Sword (of Portugal) was conferred on him as a reward for his gallantry. The following anecdote connected with his appointment to the British army is authentic:—Prince William Henry, when a midshipman, was present at a ball at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and being struck with the charms of a young lady present, selected her for his partner in a country dance, at the conclusion of which he laughingly told her that if he should ever attain power, she need only send him a copy of the music of that dance, accompanied by a request, and that he would, if possible, attend to any demand so authenticated. Years rolled on: the lady married, became a widow, and a grandmother. Prince William Henry became King William IV.; and on the return of Mr. Stanley from Spain in 1835 he expressed a wish to enter the British army, on which his grandmother forwarded a copy of the music to his Majesty, accompanied by a letter reminding him of his promise, and concluding by asking for an ensigncy without purchase for her grandson. In a very few days she was honored with an autograph letter from the King stating his perfect remembrance of the dance and the promise referred to, and his intention to accede to her wish with respect to the nomination of her grandson to an ensigncy, which accordingly took place in May, 1835. Captain Stanley joined the 57th regiment at Madras the same year, and served with it ever since. Had he survived this battle, he would have succeeded to a majority without purchase. A man of refined tastes and elevating pursuits, he became a member of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, whilst amongst us, and took a deep interest in that institution up to the period of his untimely death.—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

From Chambers's Journal.

RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.*

RUSSIAN society—that is to say, aristocratic society—on the surface resembles the society of other European countries, but on the whole it differs from it. It has two centres.—St. Petersburg and Moscow. In St. Petersburg it is the court, or rather Nicholas himself, who fashions society according to his desires. It bears entirely the official stamp: preponderance is given to the officers, and to the high officials of the State. Dance, feasts, music, and the ballet, occupy the attention; politics and science are excluded from fashionable life.

Times have changed since the epoch of Catherine, who liked to be praised by Voltaire and the French Encyclopædists as a protectress of literature. They differ also from the epoch of Alexander, who delighted in the mystical dreams and sentimental philanthropy of Madame Krudener. Both sovereigns allowed to science some liberty; and Dersavin the poet, and Karamsin the historian, could, with the full approbation of the court, publish such compositions as now might be visited by banishment to the Caucasus. It is true, towards the end of their reign, both Catherine and Alexander became more cautious, and drew the fetters of censorship tighter; yet their reign, as compared with that of Nicholas, was a reign of liberty. In the eyes of the present Czar, science and literature are too dangerous tools for despotism,—a two-edged sword, which he does not like to wield, though he often becomes furious that the attacks on Russia cannot be met by the official Russian authors in a readable shape. Jealous of his power, he hates and fears any of his subjects whose name becomes known without the previous permission of his government.

The fame of his generals throws an additional splendor on the Czar, who has selected them for the command of his armies. He can unmake them, by putting them into some obscure corner of his empire. But an author may become popular without the Emperor's leave; and though he sends him to Siberia, as he did with Bestusheff, or to the Caucasus, as happened to Lermontoff, their thoughts cannot be banished; their exile does but enhance the excitement of the public, and the desire to read their productions. The Czar, with all his unlimited power, cannot create talents, nor can he destroy their results. Still, Nicholas attempts to put down the spirit of independent Russian authors, by withholding from literature the imperial approbation. It is not fashionable in St. Petersburg to become an author. Nicholas is surrounded by mediocrity; by generals whose greatest ambition is to be severe disciplinarians; by pliant German functionaries from the Baltic provinces; by servile conservative Russians,—enemies of all progress; himself cold, obstinate, distrustful, without compassion, without elevation of soul, as mediocre as the persons around him.

* This article, which cannot fail to be read with much interest at the present moment, has been contributed by a foreigner of historic celebrity.—ED.

In the time of Alexander, during the war with France, when so many Germans and French entered the Russian service, from hatred of Napoleon, and in the hope of finding in Russia the lever for raising European liberty and independence from under French oppression, the army was surrounded by a halo of universal respect, as the refuge of European liberty. The officers were the soul of Russian aristocratic society. They represented not only the gallantry, but likewise all that was liberal in the empire. But from the time of the accession of Nicholas to the throne, and of the military conspiracy of 1826, the army has been purged of all the elements of independence. The Czar gives a marked preference to the officers over the civilians; but he has introduced a coarse tone into the army,—drilling seemed to be its only aim. Under Alexander, the troops were machines; but the officers felt themselves patriots, and were proud to be the most enlightened and progressive part of society. Now, they have become lifeless machines, servile ministers of the Czar, without any sentiment of their own dignity. During a reign of twenty-seven years, the jealousy of Nicholas has, in St. Petersburg, killed every feeling of independence. His Government officials are his clerks, his officers of the army his drill-sergeants.

Moscow presents in every respect a different picture. Functionarism could not get ascendancy in the society of the old heart of the empire. The dress-coat prevails here over the regimentals; still the civilian Government-officer is only exceptionally admitted to society. Moscow is the seat of the old aristocracy of the empire, and society here consists principally of independent, rich land-owners, who do not covet Government offices, but occupy themselves with the administration of their estates, and with science and literature, without requiring anything from the Czar, save to be left alone. It is entirely the reverse of the nobility of St. Petersburg, which is attached to the court and to public service, devoured by servile ambition, expecting all from Government only, and living upon it. Not to demand anything, to remain independent, and avoid public office, is in despotic countries a sign of opposition; and the Czar is angry with those idlers who spend their winter in Moscow, and remain for the remainder of the year on their estates, reading all that is published in Western Europe. To possess a library, belongs now to the necessities of the Russian country gentleman; and to have a secret cabinet filled with prohibited books, is the pitch of fashion.

Thus St. Petersburg and Moscow are the two opposite poles of Russian society, representing the Court and the Opposition; yet in such a despotic country as Russia, the personal tastes and inclinations of the monarch have so great an influence, that even the life of Moscow is in a great degree controlled by his supreme will. The rich Moscovite prince may dare to despise Government offices, after he has in his youth served for a few years in the army or in the bureaux,—one or other of which is necessary to maintain his nobility; he may live far from the court, retired upon his estates, enjoying in secret the forbidden books he gets by the smuggler; yet he

cannot but be sometimes reminded, that he lives under the sway of the despotic Czar, who does not forget those silent opponents of his authority. Not that he would banish them; such punishment is reserved for those who talk of politics, not for those who look apathetically on the doings of Government. But he sends them word that he expects them to do something for the progress of the country; to build a cotton-mill, and to employ their serfs in manufactories; or to raise wine on the hills of the Crimea, and on the banks of the Don; or to have mines in the Ural worked.

The Czar does not expect that they should make money by such speculations; on the contrary, he is well aware that the mill and the vineyard will remain heavy incumbrances on the income of the persons to whose patriotism he has appealed, and that the gold dug out in the Ural may perhaps cost 25 shillings the sovereign. But the glory of the country is to be raised in such ways; and the Manchester manufacturer, who finds one wing of the baronial castle turned into a work-shop, is delighted to see the mighty aristocracy of Russia paying tribute to industry. And, in fact, it is a tribute which the aristocracy residing around Moscow willingly pays to the whim of the Czar, in order to be allowed to remain undisturbed. However, the immense power of the Czar, which changes the aspect of society in every new reign, has largely affected the mind of the Russian.

Peter I. gave the first coat of varnish to the original barbarism of Russian aristocracy; he drilled them into soldiers, shipwrights, sailors, courtiers, and chamberlains. They had to accept German and French manners, but he did not educate them. Gluttony and luxury of every kind remained the inherent vices of the people. Under his successors—nearly all of them females, for most of the males soon died the natural death of Czars,—the scandalous conduct of the court demoralized society, though German and French forms were in turn adopted, and rigorously enforced. Russia was again, under Catherine II., ruled by an imperial mind; like Peter, she aimed continually at the aggrandizement of the empire. She was in correspondence with Voltaire, and protected science and literature. She gave the second and more brilliant varnish to Russian society, which, by her licentious example, was encouraged in debauchery. The madness of her son Paul, more fit for a drill-sergeant than for an emperor, again aroused the original rudeness of the Russians. But soon after his death, his successor, Alexander, did all he could to assimilate his aristocracy to the western civilized nations. In opposition to Napoleonic France, Russia became liberal; and the French and German emigrants instructed the Russians in good manners and the elegances of life. Still, all their efforts acted only upon the surface. Napoleon knew it, and remarked, therefore, justly: "*Grattez le Russe, et vous verrez le Tatar.*" Western civilization is in Russia only the varnish of the original savage.

Yet Alexander's mystical and half-liberal turn of mind had, in his long reign, a smoothing influence on the character of the Russian aristoc-

racy, which, during the wars with Napoleon, had seen more of Europe in fifteen years, than before in a century. Foreign literature proved to be fertilizing. It roused the native energies, and a national literature began to develop itself. At this time Russians began to read Russian books, and no longer only French and German. They began to wean themselves from foreign influences; they dared to think for themselves; they grew warm in their sympathy for struggling Greece. A crisis was impending, when Alexander died. The spirit of the higher classes and of the army was in a state of fermentation; but the outbreak of December 26, 1825, which was to destroy the omnipotence of the Czar, was quenched by the energy and personal courage of Czar Nicholas. The conspirators and rioters were shot down with grape, and the tottering imperial throne was founded more firmly in the midst of a pool of blood. The flower of Russian aristocracy, the most generous hearts in the army, were executed, or sent to the mines of Siberia.

The aspect of society suddenly changed. The French doctrinaire liberalism, and the visionary German mysticism of the time of Alexander, had to disappear; Nicholas is a matter-of-fact man, and despises speculation. Generous aspirations became dangerous,—materialism, pedantry, discipline, were the watch-words for the new reign. Czar Nicholas transforms the organization of Government into barracks and offices. He fears the influence of Western ideas, and throws difficulties into the easy intercommunication with foreign countries. To get a passport is now become a favor; whilst, formerly, travelling in Europe was encouraged. Nor are foreigners any longer admitted into the empire, unless they are merchants, or above all suspicion. But, on the other side, he endeavors to arouse a national exclusive spirit, which may in future isolate Russia, and keep it back from the ways of Western Europe. The ladies at court must wear the Russian costume; moreover, the Russian language, which since Peter I. has been excluded from society, becomes again fashionable by command of the Czar.

Peter I. worked for years to make the Russians Europeans, and his successors followed his example for a whole century; Nicholas now works to separate them from the West, and once more to arouse their nationality. He has succeeded, perhaps, beyond his expectation. The original Russian nature has been roused; and the present crisis is but the necessary consequence of the revival of narrow-minded bigotry and savage combativeness. Russia has been put in opposition to Europe,—Russia is "holy," and Europe is wicked. A few epigrams of Lérmonoff describe this reaction and its consequences very strikingly:—

No traitor to my native land,
Nor of my sires unworthy am I;
In that, unlike to you, to limp
On home-made crutches, 'likes me not.

For that I blush their deeds to see,
Nor music hear in clanking chains,

Nor glittering arms think beautiful;
No patriot am I, they say!

Since not of the ancient mould I am,
Since backward I decline to go,
I (in their view) ill understand
My country, and disparage it.

Haply they're right; the devil appreciates it;
For here, who go but backwards, most advance,
And earlier far they at the goal arrive
Than I, who onward ever took my way.
With eyes God blessed me, and with feet; but when
I, venturesome, commenced with feet to walk,
With eyes to see, the prison was my doom.
God gave to me a tongue; but I began
To speak, and had to rue. How strange a land!
The wise man, here, only to be a fool
Uses his mind, and waxes his tongue for silence.

Lérmonoff had sufficient reason for his epigrams. When the untimely death of the great poet Pushkin, by the pistol of Dantès d'Heeckeren, suddenly aroused the poetical genius of the young man—who up to that time had lived a life of pleasure in St. Petersburg, and his indignation dictated to him some beautiful stanzas addressed to the czar, claiming justice and revenge—he, in three days had become a celebrated and reputed man. His stanzas were spread, in manuscript, all over the capital; they had, indeed, reached the czar; but in the same hour, the imperial order reached the young poet, which banished him to the Caucasus, on account of his boldness and sudden popularity. The czar does not allow any one to censure his conduct, even in the form of loyalty, or of hope for the future. His person is sacred; and, like the idols of old, not to be approached but behind a cloud of incense. Nicholas is, in this respect, just as exacting as his father was, who, when the French ambassador mentioned a Russian scholar, calling him eminent in science, Czar Paul seemed offended, and replied, that in Russia no man is eminent unless the emperor allows it.

The jealousy of Nicholas is not less striking; not even his favorites can dare to express the slightest doubt of his infallibility. Prince Woronzoff, whom the czar honored with personal friendship, had to experience the disgrace of his master, in consequence of a curious incident at the camp at Woznosensk. An army of 60,000 men was assembled there, and the sham-fights had, indeed, the dimensions of actual war. The czar, who believes himself to be a first-rate strategist and a great general, made all the plans for the general action, which was to close the performances. He took the command of half the army, and gave the other half to Prince Woronzoff, so as to represent the enemy. The battle had begun in the morning; and after a series of most skilful manoeuvres, the czar was to out-general the enemy on all the points, and in the evening to capture Woznosensk, supposed to be the centre and stronghold of the enemy. All the exercises were executed in the most masterly way, according to the plan of the czar; but on the paper he had forgotten one brigade of the adverse army, which at the end of the action was neither defeated nor cut off; and Prince

Woronzoff, therefore, as a good strategist, retired with it to Woznosensk, which, according to the czar's opinion, was not defended. When, therefore, in the evening, Nicholas, at the head of his staff, galloped, triumphantly into the city, to receive the submission of the enemy, he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a force which he did not expect, and Prince Woronzoff approached him with the words: 'Your Majesty is my prisoner.' Nicholas smiled, and handed his sword to the prince, who, not accepting it, delivered his own sword to his master. But instead of making a compliment to the prince for his clever generalship, the czar, on the same evening, sent orders to Prince Woronzoff to take care of his health, and to visit the spas of Germany. He was banished, in this form, for having been a better general than his imperial master and friend, and for several years he remained in disgrace. It was only when Schamyl's mountaineers had repeatedly defeated the Russian army, that the czar remembered Woronzoff, and intrusted the civil and military command of Transcaucasia to the accomplished prince. I have this anecdote from one the Austrian officers, who were present at the camp of Woznosensk; and I do not doubt its authenticity, as it is entirely in the character of the czar.

Two foreigners only, both of them having had the opportunity of seeing Nicholas at his court—Custine, the Frenchman, and Henningsen, the Englishman—give us a description of his character and of his measures.

Custine says: 'It is easy to see that the emperor cannot forget who he is, nor the constant attention of which he is the object; *il posse incessamment* (he attitudinizes unceasingly,) from whence results that he is never natural, even when he is sincere. His features have three different expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual seems to me that of constant severity. Another expression, though more rare, better befits that fine countenance—it is that of solemnity. The third is politeness; and into this glide a few shades of graciousness, which temper the cold astonishment caused by the other two. But notwithstanding this graciousness, there is one thing that destroys the moral influence of the man; it is, that each of these physiognomies, which arbitrarily replace each other on his face, is taken up or cast aside completely, without leaving any trace of the preceding to modify the expression of the new. It is a change of scene with upraised curtain, which no transition prepares us for. It appears a mask taken off and put on at pleasure. Do not misunderstand the sense I here attach to the word mask; I use it according to its etymology. In Greek, hypocrite means actor—the hypocrite was the man who masked himself to perform a part. I mean, that the emperor is always mindful of his part, and plays it like a great actor.'

Henningsen says of his character: 'The Emperor Nicholas has not the brutal instincts of the Czar Peter I.; any more than his talents; he has not the disordered passions of Catherine, his grandmother, any more than her brilliant intellect and her innate liberality; he has not the fitful ferocity of Paul, his murdered sire, any more

than his enthusiastic generosity; neither has he the irresolute, impressible nature of Alexander, his brother and predecessor, nor Alexander's benevolence of intention.

The Emperor Nicholas, who nervously shudders at the physical danger in which he sees a private soldier placed, is probably not innately cruel; but absolute and irresponsible power, the self-deification to which his auto-veneration has led, acting on a limited intellect and selfish heart, have made him think himself the irate Jupiter Tonans, whose wrath should be as terrible as his interests and glory should be sacred from competition with those of humanity. When they are so, he passes over them ruthlessly and remorselessly, without even apparently the consciousness of evil-doing.

The influence of wealth, of family, of customs and of privileges, affords no longer any shelter. Prudent as he is in disposition, being aware that he possesses a power unparalleled, he uses it in a manner unprecedented. Not only does he hourly trample on both his great vanquished enemies—the nobility of his empire, and

the Polish nation; not only has he uprooted whole races, and succeeded in extirpating the religious creed of millions; but he seems now bent both on destroying the nationality and religious faith of the whole of Poland, even, if required, by transplanting its population to Asia. Political violence and cruelties, the mere extirpation of races or of creeds, would be nothing, however, to the condition to which his subjects are reduced—comparatively nothing—because races are doomed, according to the law of nature, to perish, and creeds flourish and wither, and being immaterial, spring again from their ashes. But the dull, monotonous, hopeless, all-pervading oppression to which his subjects are reduced, producing the same moral effect on the human mind as the slough of his northern bogs on the human frame sinking into it, blinding the eye, silencing the tongue, and paralyzing the agglutinated limbs, is infinitely more terrible—doubly terrible—because it is a destiny the sufferers must not only endure, but propagate by foreign conquest, and by the natural reproduction and increase of population.

From the Literary Gazette.

DR. SAMUEL PHILLIPS.

WE have this week the mournful duty of announcing the sudden death, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, on Saturday last, at the early age of thirty-nine, of a gentleman little known to the world of letters by name, but whose writings in the department of newspaper criticism have had a wide circulation and elicited powerful interest. In the columns of "The Times" during the last ten years, and during the last three years in our own columns, have appeared occasional reviews or essays, chiefly biographical, distinguished from all others by their terseness and dramatic eloquence; and if we venture presently to name some of them, it is only because Dr. Phillips's literary labors were so entirely of this anonymous kind, that it is necessary to the writer's fame they should be mentioned. Dr. Phillips was not gifted with much inventive genius or classical erudition, but he possessed a fine memory, a picturesque imagination, and admirable critical judgment. His career, though short, has been one of almost romantic adventure.

About thirty years ago there dwelt in St. James's Street, and afterwards in the new Regent Street, a bustling and somewhat jovial tradesman of the Jewish persuasion, with a shop gayly stored with glass, especially lamps and chandeliers, and a family of several olive-complexioned, curly-headed little sons and daughters. One of these, the subject of our memoir, presented indications at a very early age of a talent which began to develop itself in spouting and mimicry, in conjuring and in tricks with cards; and from the connection which the chandelier-maker had with the theatres and saloons of the aristocracy, opportunities were not wanting of bringing the juvenile phenomenon into notice. He was invited to perform and recite before the Duke of Sussex; and Mrs. Bartley, wife of the

veteran impersonator of Falstaff, who took a fancy to him, taught him her charming acting recitation, with music, of Collins's "Ode to the Passions." On one occasion he gave this recital, in character, on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre; and often did Samuel Phillips relate in after life how she took him up in her arms and kissed him. On the 23d of June, 1829, on the occasion of a benefit given to a Hebrew friend, Mr. Isaacs, a popular singer at Covent Garden, an act of *Richard III.* was introduced, with the part of the hero "by Master Phillips, a young gentleman only twelve years old, whose extraordinary abilities have been much admired at select parties of the nobility." The performance was regarded by the profession as a clever juvenile imitation of Mr. Kean, but the father's admiration of the young tragedian was unbounded, and he had him speedily instructed in other Shakspearian characters. "I went last night," said the elder Phillips one day to a theatrical friend, who is still living, and well remembers the anecdote, "to see Mr. Charles Kemble in *Hamlet*. It was very beautiful, but Lor! bless you, Sir," he added, with glowing satisfaction, "it's nothing like my boy Sam's." The boy Sam, however, had a wise father, nevertheless; for at the advice of the fine actor whose *Hamlet* he was thought to have surpassed, he was removed from the stage, and lived through much bodily suffering which he knew to be mortal, to become one of the most powerful writers of the day. Mr. Phillips, the elder, now consulted Mr. Kemble on the desirability of making his son an actor,—"Do no such thing," was the sensible reply; "there is more stuff in your boy than you think; send him to college." The father did so, for in the session of 1832-33 we find him assiduously preparing for his collegiate studies in the new London University. "Well do I remember young Phillips," writes a fellow-student to us; "a long, lithe, swarthy, Spanish-looking semi-man of perhaps

seventeen, attending the class of rhetoric and belles lettres, yet full of actors and green-rooms, the merriest, clearest-eyed, and gentlest-hearted of our party."

During his stay at the London University, Dr. Phillips's religious views underwent a change, and he repaired to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, with the view, it was whispered, of studying for the church. Be that as it may, the next few years of his life were devoted sedulously to learning, and the latter term of this period was spent in Germany, at the University of Göttingen, from whence he had the honor, about a twelvemonth since, to receive his Doctor's degree. At the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the once tragic phenomenon of Covent Garden might have been seen, a distinguished man of letters, on bended knee before Her Majesty, in the scarlet academic gown of a Doctor of Laws. It has been said that Dr. Phillips "accepted the office of private tutor in a noble family, and travelled through most of the European countries in discharge of his duty to his employers," but it was not so. What probably gave rise to this supposition is, that he read for two or three months, as is not uncommon among gentlemen, with Lord Francis Bruce, at the family seat in Wiltshire of the Marquis of Aylesbury; but this was in the vacation of 1844, when he had entered with popularity on his new literary career, and was, in fact, engaged in writing for "The Times." Three or four years before this, Dr. Phillips married and settled in the vicinity of the metropolis, resolved to live, if possible, by his pen. It should, however, be mentioned, to his honor, that his father having died, and the glass business beginning to fail, he made a strong effort to restore it to prosperity, and worked away for a time on the top of a high stool in the shop in Regent-street, in his own earnest manner, at the accounts, thinking, alas! that he could avert the impending vicissitudes of his mother's trade. Dr. Phillips was beginning to form a connection with the daily press, but the emolument at the outset was precarious, and in 1841-2 he bethought himself of writing a novel. Bowed down in spirits with severe bodily illness, threatening consumption, he had come to his last guinea, (we had it from his own lips,) when he transmitted to "Blackwood's Magazine" a specimen of his "Caleb Stukely." A week elapsed without an answer, and his too sensitive heart was beginning to fail, when a letter arrived from the Edinburgh publishers, enclosing him, along with words of kindly encouragement, a 50*l.* note. This tale, which was continued in a series of articles, present some admirable sketches of college life; but it is inferior in literary merit to the critical essays of the same author. Dr. Phillips was a man of extraordinary sanguine temperament, playful and gentle as a child in his sympathies and affections, but possessed of the most ardent elasticity of spirits. It was more the intrinsic generosity of this act of the Messrs. Blackwood, than the success of his novel, that stimulated his energies to more enlarged literary exertion. This was the turning point in his career, and it elicited a thirst for fame, which his contemporaries cherished and time speedily re-

warded. With the assistance of Mr. Alderman Salomons, Dr. Phillips purchased the "John Bull," but he only retained it a twelvemonth. Theodore Hook may have had more wit than his successor, but he was no match for him in forethought and business alacrity. For two years Dr. Phillips wrote two leaders a week for the "Morning Herald," and he was variously engaged for the provincial newspapers, but "The Times" has been the chief organ of his literary triumphs. The conductors of that journal formed a high opinion of Dr. Phillips's critical judgment and of his eloquence and imagination, and most of its literary papers for the last ten years have been from his pen. Among the most strikingly dramatic of these we may mention the eventful histories of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and of Louis Phillipe and the French Revolution, published in 1849 and 1850. The picturesque skill with which the scenes are grouped and narrated in those essays without violence to truth, has perhaps never been surpassed. The discoveries of Mr. Layard at Nineveh, furnished Dr. Phillips a fertile theme for his imagination, and he would take up a stray eccentricity, like the butcheries of Mr. Gordon Cumming in Africa, with amusing and vigorous power. His favorite subject, however, was the biography of poets and artists. Here his imaginative faculties found more ample material for their display, and the tenderness and deep commiserative feeling with which he touched upon the infirmities of his heroes, gave assurance to the world, that the words spoken of them came forth from a heart full of sympathy and truthfulness. Who that has read his essays on Swift, Southey, Sterling, Keats, Chantrey, Haydon, and Tom Moore, can fail to have been moved by the force and exquisite delineation of their several characters and writings. The shortcomings of the authors and editors of the respective works have, too, been most cleverly pointed out, either with a dash of cutting sarcasm, such as fell to the lot of Lord John Russell for his indifferent editorship of the journals of Moore, or with indignant remonstrance, such as Lord Holland laid himself open to for the publication of the worthless 'Reminiscences' of the nephew of Fox. One of the severest and most talented instances of biographical criticism from the pen of Dr. Phillips, was the recent political memoir in 'The Times,' of Mr. Disraeli, but we must confess to having perused it with feelings of regret.—Of much greater service to literature were his occasional articles on Cheap Books. He swept away, by the force of his pen, a great deal of the trash and nonsense that crowded the railway stalls, and a new and more healthy issue of periodicals was commenced in the 'Traveler's Library,' of Messrs. Longman, and the 'Reading for the Rail,' of Mr. Murray, started by a selection from the very literary essays we have just been speaking of in 'The Times.'

Of the writings of Dr. Phillips, in our own columns, we may refer to his review of the 'Autobiography of William Jordan,' as a noble and eloquent vindication of the literary character, written with a feeling and reluctant pen; and admirable examples of criticism are presented in his notices of a little book published by Mr.

Bogue, called 'The Man of the Time,' and in Mr. Holland's 'Memorials of Chantrey.' Dr. Phillips has been accused of being extravagantly severe against faults comparatively venial, and what critic of like sensitiveness and enthusiasm has not? A review in our columns, from his pen, of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's 'Life of Admiral Blake,' is, perhaps, open to this objection, and the same may be said of his criticisms in 'The Times,' of the writings of Dickens and Thackeray. Among the remaining papers by Dr. Phillips, in the 'Literary Gazette,' we may mention, as of striking merit, his reviews of 'Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley,' Dr. Gutzlaff's 'Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China,' Professor Creasy's 'Invasions of England,' Mr. Peter Cunningham's 'Story of Nell Gwynne,' Bristed's 'Five Years in our English Universities,' and Mrs. Romera's 'Filia Dolorosa.'

The chief occupation of Dr. Phillips, during the last two years of his life, arose out of an engagement which he entered into with the Crystal Palace Company, to take charge of all that pertained to literature, and he was officially termed the Literary Director. It was not merely for compiling the Crystal Palace Guide Book that the Company were indebted to him, but for his advice and aid in almost every stage of the enterprise. He was among the first who propounded this great scheme, and for a long while he filled the responsible office of treasurer. Well do we remember his remarking, on taking luncheon one day at our table, "I have this morning paid into the Bank the first subscribed capital of the Crystal Palace Company—four hundred thousand pounds, in one lump." His connection with 'The Times,' was, moreover, of advantage to both parties. The journal was always favored with exclusive intelligence of the Company's proceedings, and the Company always found their proceedings reported *en couleur de rose*. We wish we could throw a veil over the arguments put forth in favor of Sunday opening. In August of last year, Dr. Phillips conceived the idea of forming an Assyrian Excavation Society, and such was the energy that he brought to bear on the matter, that it was speedily sanctioned with the support of Prince Albert. Mr. Layard, and a numerous committee of noblemen and gentlemen, and subscriptions were in a short time received, of sufficient amount to send out a staff of excavators to Nineveh, to make further discoveries. The favorable result of his mission has been already recorded in our columns, and we trust that Dr. Phillips's friend and co-secretary, Lord Mandeville, will follow the matter up with vigor.

During this active literary career, short as it was, Dr. Phillips contrived not only to live in comparative affluence, but to make a handsome provision for his family; and all this time he was the doomed victim of consumption, with spitting of blood. His life hung upon a thread, which might be snapped at any moment, and every morning he woke with the thought, we cannot say anxiety, what could he do more for the welfare of those he must soon leave behind. Often did he show us, with almost childlike glee, his neatly written account of savings and invest-

ments; and the God of the widow mercifully prolonged his life and sustained his energies until this desire of his heart was realized. He was engaged, at the time of his death, in writing a Christmas story, but it is not sufficiently advanced for publication. A multitude of literary plans were opening out before his sanguine vision, but the voice, whose warning had been long heard came, and he was summoned into the presence of his Maker.

MATERIAL FOR MAKING PAPER.

We copy the following paragraph from the *Overland China Mail* of Sept. 27:—

A reward of £1000 has been offered in England to any person who will discover a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. If by the word "substitute," is meant one that is suitable for making paper quite equal to that made from rags, it is probable no such reward will ever be paid, and that the advertisers have adopted an ingenious method of obtaining information at little cost. The paper the reader now holds in his hand is manufactured from shavings of the bamboo plant in China. The quality is fair, though not equal to the best English paper; yet who can say how much it might be improved by European skill and the use of machinery? We have only Chinese authority for stating that this paper is manufactured from bamboo, as foreigners are not admitted to the provinces where it is made; but the report seems to receive confirmation from the fact that, three years ago, all the bamboos most common in the Canton provinces shed their seed and died, and the consequence was a rise of nearly fifty per cent. in the price of paper. If bamboo shavings can be turned to such account, the supply of raw material is inexhaustible. Thousands of acres being kept in the West Indies for firewood alone.

It is highly probable that the paper in question is made from Bamboo shavings, for in the United States paper is manufactured from the same or a very similar material. It is, as we can testify from the copy before us, and from frequently seeing other copies of the same journal printed on the same kind of paper, well adapted to newspapers, albeit neither so white nor so light as the paper used by the English journals. Bamboo shavings, of all other things, seem well calculated to come into competition with rags; for they are refuse, of no use except to burn or to turn into paper, while most other substitutes suggested have a value independent of their use to make paper, and can only be grown or obtained by a considerable quantity of labor. In the present scarcity of material, it may be worth while to consider how far it might be economized by the general use of thinner paper. Daily journals are, as the rule, destined to be read and wasted; and to make them of such paper as books, intended to be lasting, is unnecessary. The flimsy on which many of the German journals are printed, or paper like it, might, we should suppose, be used by our journals with a great saving of material and no loss of character.

[Economist.]